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JUNE 21, 1952

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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(ISSN: U.S. 990-018)

VOL. LIX NO. 25



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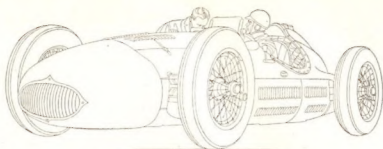
Yes, there's a new standard of fine-car value on the highway today—a new "Who's Who". See your Nash dealer and learn how easily your golden dreams can come true!

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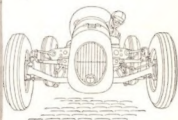
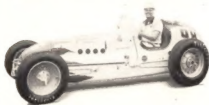
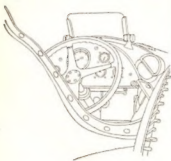
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SPARK PLUGS

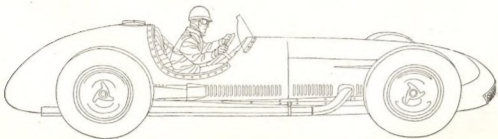
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Use the spark plugs champions use!



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LETTERS

Candidate Taft

Sir:

How could you possibly report the candidacy of William Howard Taft's son without quoting the only appropriate campaign song?

*I want a job just like the job
That worried dear old dad.*

ERIC SANDQUIST

Dedham, Mass.

Sir:

Your June 2 cover shows Senator Taft and the White House within a question mark. You cannot seriously believe that there is a possibility of Taft being elected... If he is nominated... I predict the most overwhelming Democratic victory in history, regardless of their candidate. Eisenhower offers the Republican Party its only, and perhaps last, chance to survive.

RAYMOND A. PINGREE

Cranston, R.I.

Sir:

I think your article overlooked the very pronounced pro-Taft sentiment here in the Deep South... We know what we have in Taft; he's an intellectual and a gentleman. General Eisenhower may have glamour—but we had enough of that in the days of F.D.R....

J. T. REYNOLDS

Pineville, La.

Sir:

It is obvious from Senator Taft's past record that he would stop at nothing to defend his title of "Mr. Republican." What we mugwumps want is a "Mr. American"—not a "Mr. Politician."

HUBERT L. STEWART

Inglewood, Calif.

Sir:

If the doings here in Texas are any indication of the principles which "Fighting Bob" will not modify "to secure the support of a limited number of mugwumps," he certainly will not get the two mugwump votes of our household! As voters in Precinct 129 of Harris County, we are indignant over the malicious allegations of the Taft machine here which invented a cock-and-bull story about those "whisky-drinking, beer-guzzling like supporters who stole Chairman Miller's silverware," and then turned right around and stole our votes at Mineral Wells. To thou-

sands of outraged TEXANS, Truman may stand for the Fair Deal, but Taft stands for the Dirty Deal!

DOROTHY BENTHALL

Houston

Candidate Harriman

Sir:

Mr. Averell Harriman would make an excellent President, but I am afraid it can't happen. He must first become a politician, and you can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse.

EDMOND J. WALSH

Nashville, Tenn.

The General's Lady

Sir:

The idea of having in the White House a first lady who "smokes Philip Morris and plays canasta tirelessly [and] until three months ago, when her doctor asked her to swear off alcohol because of a heart murmur, she drank old-fashioned at parties" [TIME, June 2] is going to cost Eisenhower a lot of votes.

BYRON C. NELSON

Spooner, Wis.

Sir:

Your account of the general's lady dismays the general's good friends. She may soon preside at the White House, and her influence is important. Yet you write of her as of a glamour girl!

In what church does she hold membership?

(MRS.) PAUL H. McCLANAHAN

New Concord, Ohio

¶ Mrs. Eisenhower is an Episcopalian.—Ed.

"All These Gentlemen"

SIR:

WE URGENTLY PROTEST THE TENOR OF YOUR JUNE 2 ARTICLE ON THE GERMAN WAR PRISONERS AT SPANDAU. REFERENCE TO THESE MEN AS "SEVEN OF THE BLACKEST NAZIS STILL ALIVE" IS CONTRARY TO FACT, BIASED, AND SERVES TO PREJUDICE THE PENDING APPEALS FOR THESE MEN. RUDOLF HESS TOOK POSITIVE ACTION FOR PEACE EARLY IN WORLD WAR II. GRAND ADMIRAL DOENITZ AND ADMIRAL RAEDER WERE COURAGEOUS NAVAL LEADERS. BARON VON NEURATH, ALBERT SPEER, WALTER FUNK AND BALDUR VON SCHIRACH WERE FAITHFUL ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICIALS. ALL OF THESE GENTLEMEN

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TIME
June 23, 1952

Volume LIX
Number 25

TIME, JUNE 23, 1952



He's an honor student— but he'll never graduate

AS ANY man whose career is serving the public in the Life Insurance business can tell you, "an insurance agent's studies never cease until the day he retires."

Keeping abreast of changing conditions is a big and important part of every agent's job. This is especially true today, with countless factors of business and government directly affecting the needs for individual and family security. For example, social security, participation in group pension or special retirement plans, as well as changing inheritance and estate laws, may affect an individual's insurance program.

This is why, to service policyholders effectively, it becomes the very real responsibility of all insurance agents to "keep posted."

Most Life Insurance Companies conduct formal training programs to help agents fulfill this responsibility. For example, at Metropolitan, there is a full-time training "Faculty" of about 160 whose sole job is the *continual schooling* of the Company's Field organization of 21,000 members. In addition, Mana-

gers and Assistant Managers devote a substantial amount of time each week to training activities.

The scope of the Company's training activity is shown by the fact that approximately 2,100 Assistant Managers each year receive the equivalent of three weeks of special tutoring. Approximately 2,500 new Agents each year receive five to ten weeks of intensified training. Within the past two years, most of the Company's 785 Managers have received at least three weeks of special schooling.

Day in, day out for more than 21 years, this continuing program of education has helped to keep the thousands of Metropolitan Field Men and Women constantly up to date—equipped to do a better job of servicing the more than 33,000,000 Metropolitan policyholders.

For example, the advanced collegiate course of the American College of Life Underwriters—carrying with it the designation of Chartered Life Underwriter—has been completed by 416 candidates from the Metropolitan, and another 530 have completed one or more of these C. L. U. examinations.

Yet, this more or less formal schooling is only part of the story. Above and beyond the training supplied by their Company, Metropolitan Field people are also "volunteer scholars," students on their own time. For, like ambitious and intelligent people in any business, Metropolitan representatives are anxious to improve themselves so that they can continue to render an outstanding service to the public.

We think this is as it should be, for a competent job of servicing the public is the very heart of the Life Insurance business.

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**THE WORLD'S
MOST EXPENSIVE
ERRAND BOY...**



DID THEIR DUTY AS THEY SAW IT AND THEIR MISFORTUNE LAY MERELY IN BEING ON THE LOSING SIDE . . . A COMMITTEE OF PROMINENT AMERICANS HAS BEEN FORMED TO WORK FOR THE RELEASE OF THESE MEN AS WELL AS FOR FIELD MARSHALS MANNSTEIN, LIST, KESSELRING, MAJOR GENERAL OTTO ERNST REMER AND MANY OTHERS. IN FAIRNESS TO THE APPEALS NOW IN PROGRESS, WE ASK THAT YOU REPRESENT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.

H. KEITH THOMPSON

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY
COMMITTEE FOR INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE:
COMMITTEE FOR THE FREEDOM OF MAJOR
GENERAL REMER
CHATHAM, N.J.

Witness (Cont'd)

Sir:
Thumbs up on your May 26 Chambers-Hiss article . . . Mr. Chambers deserves all your accolades for doing what many others so-called civilized people should be doing—regaining their perspective in relation to one another. The basic fight . . . is between materialism and spiritualism, that quality which distinguishes man from the rest of nature . . .

WALTER B. SMALLEY

Washington

Sir:
It is unfortunate that TIME, like many other newspapers and periodicals, has fallen for the Whittaker Chambers story. By the tone of your article, you are adding to the prestige of, and admiration for, a man who is a confessed "liar, spy and traitor" as well as an admitted perjurer.

You state that the "Hiss-Chambers case has stirred the whole spirit of the time." If this is true, it is to be deeply regretted that the spirit of the time is such as to allow one man to be chastised by society while another, equally guilty of the same things, is respected and admired. Hiss was sent to jail for perjury, and Chambers not only goes free but at the same time becomes a respected man. Is this a democratic concept of justice?

VAN DYNE McCUTCHEON

Gambier, Ohio

Sir:
Mr. Whittaker Chambers: a new type of publican—a TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR PUBLICAN . . . May I express my feeling of nausea at your picturing Mr. Chambers cloaked in Biblical raiment? . . .

E. B. TREIDLER

Glendale, Calif.

Sir:
Your June 9 excerpts from reviews of Whittaker Chambers' *Witness* largely confirm his thesis that the liberalism of our intellectuals is as atheist as Marxism.

Fortunately, these reviewers do not represent our American culture, in which belief in God is a tremendously vital factor. Otherwise there would be terrifying truth in the meaningless *gaucherie* ("If Chambers is right in believing the major bulwark against Stalin to be faith in God, then it is time for men of conviction and courage to take to the hills") with which one reviewer writes off the noblest act of courage our generation is likely to see.

FRANCIS J. CORLEY

St. Louis, Mo.

Sir:
How terrifying that the majority of the reviewers of *Witness* cannot accept Mr. Chambers' thesis that Communism can only be defeated by religious faith, *i.e.*, faith in God . . . As Christ Himself said: "He that is not with me is against me."

ANN B. REINHEIMER

Neenah, Wis.

Paris today. Moscow tomorrow. Then Berlin and Bangkok and back the same week.

The routes of our Diplomatic Couriers run from Washington, D.C., to our far-flung outposts of the world. It is these men who keep open our international life-lines. It is these men who carry the top-secrets too vital to trust to ordinary means of communication . . . for any code can be broken.

To bring their story to the screen, 20th Century-Fox sent east and cameras across thousands of miles of land and sea. Filmed in the streets of Salzburg and Trieste . . . on the Paris plane and the International Express . . . this is a new experience in screen entertainment.

Diplomatic Courier is a motion picture for all who seek the unusual . . . the different . . . the absorbing.

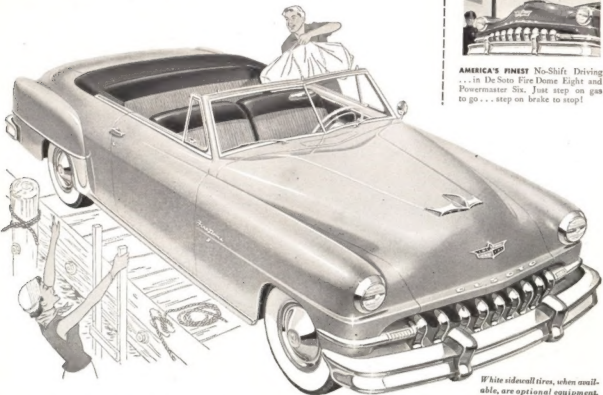
20th CENTURY-FOX presents
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PATRICIA NEAL
STEPHEN McNALLY
HILDEGARDE NEFF
in
DIPLOMATIC COURIER
Produced by CASEY Robinson - Directed by HENRY Hathaway - Screen Play by CASEY Robinson and O'BRIEN
Based on the Novel "Sinister Errand" by Peter Cheyney

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You've heard all about its amazing
160 horsepower V-8 performance...

Full Power Steering...Power Braking
and America's finest No-Shift Driving.

Now go and try it for *yourself*!



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“Don’t buy corn east



of Pittsburgh in April"

**A case history that shows how close cooperation
between Production...Sales...Purchasing and Traffic
...saves an industrial company up to \$400,000 a year
on one shipping operation!**

That seems to be a pretty abrupt memo. "Don't Buy Corn East of Pittsburgh"... signed Traffic.

It would cause a palace revolution in a great many plants. Traffic, the grapevine would charge, has cut across three other departments!

But there's no such reaction when an order of this kind is flashed to Purchasing in one of America's large distilleries (carbons to Production and Sales). That memo means that plans are set and money will be saved!

How it Works

The railroads, you see, have set up certain favorable rules that permit a manufacturer to "Process in transit." (It applies to some industries... in dozens of ways, maybe yours is one of them.) In this particular case, the distiller can ship in corn... make whiskey out of the corn... then re-ship the by-product (spent grain mash... a valuable dairy feed) under a lower freight rate. It requires *careful study of tariff rules, good timing, and complete cooperation* between Traffic and other departments in the distillery.

Full Access to Company Information

This Traffic Manager has the full confidence of his company. He has full access to all company information. In this case, he knows that Sales has sold the by-product at a specified price, for a specified delivery date in a certain town. He knows what Production needs, knows its schedule. Working together as a team, these departments solve problems of this kind month in and month out. It all adds up to an overall saving of some \$400,000 a year on this one shipping operation alone.

A Tip For You

Do you have a by-product? Do you fabricate? Is there an advantageous lower freight ruling deep in the regulations that you can use? Does your traffic expert know what all departments of your plant are doing? This case history, from an alert manufacturer, will have accomplished its purpose if it shows a substantial number of people in Management that better use can and should be made of the Traffic Manager.



Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, as one of the great merchandise freight carriers in the country, is anxious to spearhead any program that will move more goods, more efficiently. That's why we sponsor this series of advertisements about the industrial traffic expert and his job.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

The Chinese Reds are making the truce table in Korea a place of threats, warnings and a sounding board for anti-U.N. propaganda. Some think this forebodes a renewal of full-scale warfare—the enemy is now at peak strength and anything can happen.

TIME's correspondents in Korea are ready for anything. For more than two years now, they have been shuttling in, out, over and through that embattled peninsula to keep you posted on the war and the events that led up to it. Members of the Tokyo bureau, who have been covering the war, have also been sending stories on Japan's regained sovereignty, the prisoner-of-war camp incidents, the May Day riots, and Korean politics. Says Bureau Chief Dwight Martin: "The biggest problem is trying to figure out from one day to the next which way the cat is going to jump—Kobe, Pusan, Seoul, Panmunjom, Japan, or at the front."

Figuring out "which way the cat will jump" is always an important part of the news-gathering business. The nine men

About four weeks after he had sent that cable, Gibney, injured when a bridge was blown up by the South Koreans, was writing a different kind of dispatch from Korea. He told of the North Koreans' smash across the 38th parallel, and described the pell-mell retreat of civilians from the capital.

Correspondent James Bell joined Gibney at the front at the end of July. Accompanying a Marine assault force in the Nakdong area, Bell captured the horror and heroism of war in his story, *The Battle*

for a new job. "I walked in to TIME," Prendergast recalls, "got hired, and was sent back to Korea immediately."

Tom Lambert, now in TIME's Bonn bureau, was hired as a correspondent by Manfred Gottfried, chief of TIME correspondents, in a sooty barracks building in Hungnam, just before Christmas in 1950. The first assignment Moffett gave him, when he reported for work three weeks later, was to take a week's vacation. Lambert didn't like the idea and, instead, went to work immediately.



WILSON FIELDER



FRANK GIBNEY



JAMES BELL
A bitter lesson.



HUGH MOFFETT



R. C. MCCOY

of *No Name Ridge* (TIME, Aug. 28, 1950). In September, Bell was a member of a team of five TIME Inc. reporters and photographers who covered the Inchon landings. Gibney had landed earlier on Wolmi Island, and watched the Inchon assault "about one city block away." Shortly afterward, Gibney returned to the U.S. and was replaced by Martin.

Correspondent R. C. McCoy arrived in Tokyo a year ago, spent six months in Korea as an interlude between two lively assignments in Latin America (TIME, Feb. 4). Last November, Bud Hutton joined the Tokyo staff. Hutton, who claims to be virtually indestructible in wars, flew 23 missions as a gunner before D-day in World War II, later made a parachute jump at the Rhine ("I got jarred around a little bit, that's all"), and came out unscathed when his jeep was forced off the road by a truck in Korea.

Others have been less fortunate. Correspondent Wilson Fielder rushed to Korea from his base at Hong Kong when the war broke out. He started by covering naval operations, and wrote *Last Train from Vladivostok*, the memorable story of a landing party which mined a railroad tunnel (TIME, July 24, 1950). The next week Fielder joined the land forces at Taejon and was killed in action. Since then four of TIME's correspondents have been injured in Korea. The risks of covering a war come high.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



DWIGHT MARTIN



CURTIS PRENDERGAST

A jump ahead of the cat.



TOM LAMBERT



BUD HUTTON

pictured here, during two years of war in Korea, often demonstrated their ability to be a jump or two ahead of the cat.

Several weeks before the war started, Frank Gibney, then a Tokyo correspondent, cabled these lines to TIME:

One night last week a U.S. Information Service film unit went to the schoolyard in the farming village of Manpori . . . After the show was over, an old farmer . . . stood up to thank the Americans. "You have left your great cities to come here," he said. "We are happy that the men from America are with us—and we hope that they will stay." All over South Korea a newly proud people were anxiously hoping the same thing. Remembering the Russians north of the 38th parallel, another Korean said, half apologetically: "We know that many American leaders think Korea should be given up. We have trusted and hoped in you. Will you fail us?"



A REMINDER

Those of you who have not yet written for free copies of TIME's 24-page handbook on next month's political conventions at Chicago, may still do so by sending a card with your name and address to Time Convention, Box 1096, Chicago 90, Illinois. The booklet will be a valuable aid in following the conventions and in making sense of their traditions, procedures and behind-the-scenes maneuvering.



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you'll never forget*

ALL too few are the occasions in life so gloriously, immeasurably perfect in every way that one cherishes their memory for a lifetime. Yet, the moment you step aboard your luxurious Italian Line flagship you'll know in your heart that *this* trip will be one of them.

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invite you to ride the "Rocket" . . . to drive
Oldsmobile's sensational new Super "88"!



TRY 160 H.P.

"ROCKET" ACTION

...in the New Super



You've got to drive it to believe it!
Never before has Oldsmobile had
such an exciting performance story to tell! For here is
a new kind of "Rocket" Engine car—dramatically
new with the flashing 160-h.p. "Rocket" . . .
now paired with smooth new Hydra-Matic Super
Drive*! The result is performance that truly stands out
even in this era of high-powered motor cars!
GM Hydraulic Steering*, the Autronic-Eye*, and
many other new features add to your motoring
comfort and safety. Drive Oldsmobile's Super "88"
. . . you'll never settle for anything else!



*Hydra-Matic Super Drive, GM Hydraulic Steering, Autronic-Eye
and white sidewall tires (when available) optional at extra cost.
Equipment, accessories and trim, subject to change without notice.

A General Motors Value

"ROCKET" POWERED OLDSMOBILE

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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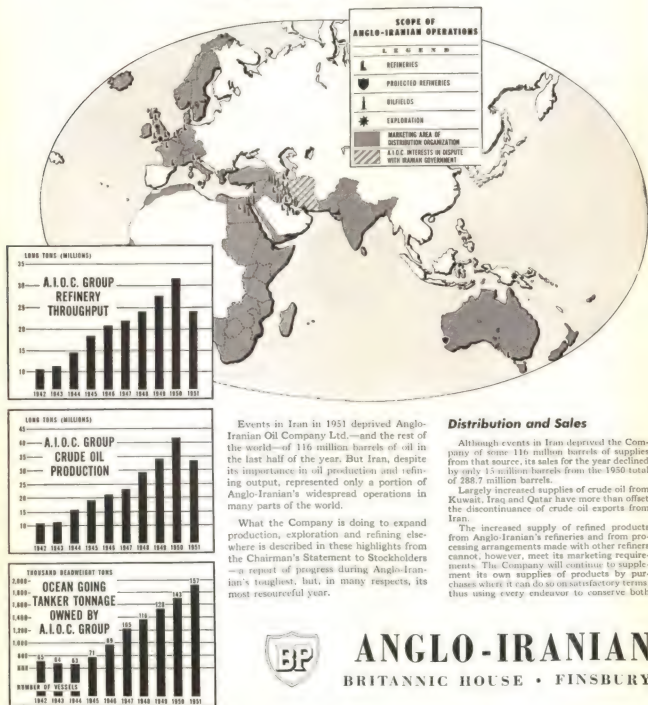


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Facts from Anglo-Iranian Annual Report for 1951

Highlight Operations of a Difficult But Constructive Year



its good will and a sound trading position until such time as the provision of further refining facilities enables the Company once again to go forward and expand its business as in the past.

Expanded Crude Oil Production Outside Iran

Compared with 1950 there was an increase in 1951 of 140,000 barrels per day from the Company's share of production in Kuwait, Iraq and Qatar. During 1952 Anglo-Iranian's supplies from these three sources are expected to be about 534,000 barrels per day compared with 342,000 barrels per day in 1951.

Increased Exploration

The Company's exploration activities continue in various parts of the world . . . in Papua in partnership with American and Australian interests two deep wells were drilled . . . in Nigeria, where the Company is in partnership with the Shell group, the first deep well was started during the year . . . in Trinidad, Anglo-Iranian has a holding in Trinidad Northern Areas, Ltd., now preparing to make a seismic survey of the Gulf of Paria . . . and in Sicily, geological and geophysical work is being carried out in concession areas.

Refining Increased Outside Iran

The refinery throughput of the Anglo-Iranian group of companies declined from approximately 650,000 barrels a day in 1950 to 480,000 barrels a day in 1951, as the result of shutting down the Abadan refinery in Iran which had processed 91.5 million barrels of crude oil up to July, when operations ceased, as compared with 180 million barrels in 1950. The Company's refining operations in other countries were considerably expanded.

Capacities of its refineries in Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium and Germany are being increased by 117,000 barrels a day during 1952. A new refinery is to be built in Australia with a capacity of 62,000 barrels a day.

Transport

The Company's tanker fleet numbers 155 ships of 1,950,000 deadweight tons. There remain under construction or on order 21 ships totalling 426,000 deadweight tons. Anglo-Iranian has on charter about 2,000,000 deadweight tons of shipping, more than half fixed for several years ahead.

Middle East Agreements

New agreements have been negotiated affecting the Company's principal interests in the Middle East other than Iran. Profits arising from operations within Iraq (where Anglo-Iranian has a 43 1/4% interest in the Iraq Petroleum Company group) will be shared equally with the Iraq Government. The Ruler of Kuwait will receive one half of the profits from the operations in his country of the Kuwait Oil Company, which Anglo-Iranian owns jointly with an American associate. These agreements follow the pattern now generally accepted for oil concession agreements in the Middle East.

World Bank Mediation in Iran

Efforts by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development to assist in settling the differences between the British and Iranian governments and to set up a temporary management for the operation of Anglo-Iranian's Iranian oil properties resulted in failure to reach agreement with Iran. In its position as a neutral intermediary, the Bank was unable to accept the proposal of the Iranian government that it act for Iran's account. The Bank also felt that it would be inconsistent with the Bank's international character to agree to exclude British technicians from employment as demanded by the Iranian government. In addition, no conclusion was reached with Iran about the question of prices at which oil might be sold by the Bank. The Bank, however, informed both the Iranian and British governments that it would be ready to assist in working out any practical suggestion offering a reasonable prospect of success.

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FINANCIAL SUMMARY for 1951

Profit Before United Kingdom Taxation	£52,217,016
Net Profit After Taxes	£24,233,050
Appropriations to Reserves	£17,000,000
Dividends in Respect of 1951	£ 7,112,484
(including recommended final dividend)	

Copies of the Annual Report and Accounts may be obtained from the Company's representative in U. S. A., Mr. W. D. Heath Eves, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Pursuit of Disaster

The news of the week from Korea, dominated by General Boatner's success in cleaning up the prisoner-of-war camps (see WAR IN ASIA), was ominously backlit by a more enduring fact: the Korean war, long in a mess, is falling into a worse mess day by day. Washington muddling has fashioned a deadfall in which U.S. policy has been trapped. The current U.S. policy position 1) gives the Reds every reason not to allow a truce and 2) invites the Reds to take the offensive in Korea, or elsewhere in Asia, with the assurance of minimum retaliation from the U.S.—or none at all.

Holds Barred. U.S. policy as of last week:

1) If a truce is reached and the Communists later return to the offensive in Korea, the U.S. and its allies by agreement will strike back by bombing and blockading China. But no such agreement has been reached to cover attacks elsewhere in Asia.

2) If a truce is not reached and the Reds return to the offensive in Korea, using chiefly ground forces, the U.S. will limit its counterblows to Korea, will not allow its aircraft to cross the Yalu.

3) If the Reds return to the offensive and throw in their China-based air power (an estimated 2,000 planes, half of them jets), then, says General Mark Clark, there "should be no holds barred." But the Pentagon and the National Security Council do not agree. They have ordered Clark to bar all holds except limited hot pursuit. This weird phrase means that Clark's air force would be allowed to pursue Red planes back across the Yalu, but they would not be allowed to attack Red bases.

Maximum Risk. Limited hot pursuit (or lukewarm pursuit) puts General Clark and his soldiers in another of the stupid and dangerous positions that have characterized the war in Korea. It exposes them to maximum risks, ties their hands for counteraction. As General Clark reported last week, the Reds have used the eleven months of truce talks to double their air and ground strength.

One U.S. commander—Major General Daniel Huddelson, outgoing commander of the 40th Division (California National Guard)—drew some grim conclusions from these facts last week. The Communists, said Huddelson, now have the power to drive the U.N. forces out of Korea. On



GENERAL MARK CLARK
Washington fashioned a deadfall.

the word of other top commanders, his estimate of the situation is too pessimistic, but Army Secretary Frank Pace's rebuttal—"We can meet any challenge the Communists may make"—was certainly far rosier than Clark's report warranted. Retorted Huddelson: "Secretary Pace . . . undoubtedly has information not available to a poor old broken-down commander just back from Korea."

Meanwhile, Washington showed its impotence in other phases of Asia policy:

¶ The U.S. has allowed the political situation in South Korea to flounder to a point where old (77) Syngman Rhee could make the U.S. look ridiculous by cutting off Voice of America broadcasts (see WAR IN ASIA). The real point of the Rhee scandal is that after two years of war in Korea, the U.S. has neither been able to trust Rhee or to find some other leader whom it could trust.

¶ The U.S. is still not prepared to use Chiang Kai-shek's Formosa-based forces as a threat to Red China's flank. In Washington last week Admiral Arthur Radford, commander of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, reported that U.S. arms aid to Chiang is "disappointingly slow."

Last week it was clear as never before that, in Asia, the U.S. is in limited hot pursuit of disaster.

REPUBLICANS

Ike's Second Week

All week Ike's friends—and enemies—watched for that big, liberating moment of battle, the break-out. The moment did not come. General Eisenhower won no famous victories last week. It was probably unrealistic of Ike's supporters to expect any sensational developments, but they were nevertheless disappointed as they saw their hero fighting uphill in the face of strong Taft resistance.

But Eisenhower was in top fighting form, and getting better. At the beginning of the week, he was an excellent campaigner, but still calm. At week's end, Ike was fighting mad.

"When a Man Is in a Battle." Eisenhower's hands were red and swollen from shaking hands with delegates. That was his main task: to meet delegates, explain himself and his ideas. In one week Ike talked personally to nearly 500 delegates from 19 states. No sooner had the general and Mamie returned from Abilene to New York than the delegates began arriving. All day for four days, a Negro porter pulled open the heavy, iron-grilled door of Eisenhower's residence on Morningside Heights, near Columbia University. On the first day it was Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Delaware. Next day it was Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina; on the third day New York and Maryland; on the fourth New Jersey, Rhode Island, Vermont, Maine, Virginia, South Carolina. The visits were pretty much alike. First the delegates got a little opening talk from Ike. His words to the Jersey delegates were typical: "I have no panaceas. Certainly I'm no miracle man. I'll make no promises over and above those I think can be accepted by a wise administration in frugality and thrift . . . I doubt if there are any among you so innocent of politics as I. All I can do is put before you what I believe. All I can offer is honesty."

Then he called for questions.

Some of the questions & answers were repetitions of what had been said before, on socialized medicine, FEPC, federal aid to education, etc. Others raised new topics. Ike leaned easily against a marble banister or paced the room as he hammered home his points. Sample:

On the charge that he is a me-tooer: "I have had a lifetime of trying to do something. You have to have your own plan . . . [But] I don't think we should be

scared of labels. We can't turn the clock back to 1932. When a man is in a battle he doesn't say, 'Oh gosh, I should have used the 30th Division yesterday.' He asks, 'What have I got to do the job now? Where do I go from here?'"

Most delegates stayed about an hour and most emerged smiling. But smiles are not necessarily votes. Said one North Carolina delegate as he shook hands with Ike: "I've been talking to Taft, but I wanna say it sure would take a son of a gun not to like you." Replied Ike: "Well, you do what your conscience tells you." Later, the delegate said he was still for Taft.

Between delegates' visits, Eisenhower found time to have his eyes examined, chat with an old West Point gym trainer,

To the picnic came 58 members of the important 70-man Pennsylvania delegation, including determined Fence-Sitter Fine, plus 60 alternates and 160 newsmen. Ike spoke to them from the back porch. It was his duty, he said, to tell delegates how he would tackle Government problems; it was their duty to decide whether they liked what he said. "I will abide by their decision cheerfully."

The questions started popping across the lawn. If elected, what would Eisenhower do with top State-Department personnel? His voice was hard as he replied: "When I say we need a new administration, I mean in all parts." The guests applauded.

Wasn't he too close to Democrats? "A

Governor Fine. He agreed that his differences with Ike on foreign policy had grown much smaller—but he still considered himself somewhere between Ike and Taft. When a politician handed Fine an "I Like Ike" button and asked him to put it on in courtesy to their host, Fine replied: "When I get to like Ike, I'll put a button on." Asked by a newsmen what factors he would still consider before definitely making up his mind, Fine said: "Well, if I thought that a candidate couldn't win [the election], then you would have to stop consideration on the basis of principle and put it purely and coldly on a party basis."

Above all else, Fine wants to be "right," but that requires being right not only at Chicago in July, but at the polls in November. Republican control of Pennsylvania is being vigorously challenged by the Democrats, and Fine does not need much imagination to see his state administration crumbling, unless the Republican Party has a candidate who can win the election. Fine is obviously afraid that Taft, while a good bet for Chicago, may be a bad bet for November.

"Make Him Fight!" The most striking suggestion that Ike Eisenhower is a candidate who can win came next day, in Detroit. All alone, Ike has been chafing under the conflicting and sometimes inept advice from his campaign managers. His first big speech at Abilene had fallen somewhat flat. On the train to Detroit last week, Ike sat up with his speech writers, going over suggested drafts. He rejected them all. "It doesn't sound like me," he said. In the morning, he made his decision.

"All my prepared talks are thrown out the window," he told a reception committee at the Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel. "If what I have to offer in the way of honest, decent approach . . . is not enough, there is nothing more I can do . . . If I make blunders, I know my friends will excuse it. And I hope the others will realize, at least, that I am sincere."

A little nervously his advisers agreed. Detroit gave Ike a parade down Woodward Avenue to Cadillac Square. Paper showered down and cheers echoed loudly among the tall buildings. A man leaned out of a window and shouted: "Make him fight, Mamie, make him fight!" Mamie, carrying a red-and-white silk parasol, blew kisses at the crowd.

In the square, Eisenhower made a short Flag-Day speech. The American flag, he said, stands for a civilization built on religious beliefs. "And now another type of civilization challenges it; a civilization based upon the godless theory that man himself has no value."

The Big Speech. In the afternoon, he saw most of the Michigan delegation, later delegates from Indiana and Ike fans from Bob Taft's own Ohio. Then after dinner, he drove to Detroit's Olympia Stadium for the big speech.

The hall was not filled (a lot of people seemed to prefer to watch the speech on TV), but 10,000 people had turned up



IKE GREETING DELEGATES AT GETTYSBURG*
"I am a strictly No Deal man."

Mark Walker—Life

meet the trustees of Columbia University (they extended his leave as president indefinitely) and talk to Republican Statesman John Foster Dulles. Dulles' aim, he said, is a foreign policy plank both Ike and Taft can agree on. Asked whether he was for Ike, Dulles smiled and said: "I haven't made any public decision." Asked if he thought the two factions could agree, Dulles made a somewhat circular pronouncement: "If they do not agree, the party will be split."

Picnic in Pennsylvania. On his plane heading for his meeting with the Pennsylvania delegation, Ike breakfasted off a tray balanced on a pillow on his lap, then went forward and sat in the pilot's seat. At Harrisburg, Governor John Fine welcomed him. At his farm three miles from Gettysburg, Ike had a happy reunion with his old friend Arthur Nevins, a retired brigadier general who runs the place (189 acres, twelve Holsteins, ten Guernseys, 500 chickens) while Ike is away. From New York Ike had phoned: "I'm coming down for a picnic. Don't sell the milk. I'll buy it that day."

lot of my friends who have worn the Democratic label. But to no one in any political place do I owe anything. I'm in just as good a position to slug as any free American." But he would not stoop to character assassination. "I don't believe in it. I will not do it."

Had he taken an interest in politics when he was at Columbia? "I went around this country making at least 40 speeches where I shouted for free enterprise against creeping socialism."

Where Is Fine? The delegates were impressed. The Pennsylvania delegation now contains at least 25 fairly solid Ike votes, while Taft has 15 fairly solid promises. If Fine decides to swing to Ike he would have 55 of his delegates with him; if he swings to Taft, he would have only about 45. But which way will he swing?

Fine was being passionately noncommittal. He agreed that Eisenhower had handled himself very well and had probably converted some delegates—but not

* From left, facing camera: Pennsylvania Senators Duff and Martin, Eisenhower, Governor Fine.

and waited for Ike in the sweltering heat. When he appeared the applause sounded like thunder on a hot June night. Said one reporter: "It filled the huge arena with that type of wild, emotional cheering, naming one man as the pride and choice of thousands, which is something few men ever experience." It struck Ike almost physically as he entered the hall. His face and balding head, already pink from the sun, flushed a deeper pink. He was dazzled by it all, and obviously just a little scared. Four times he held up his arms before the cheering stopped and he could speak.

Eisenhower's face was stern, his lower lip and chin jutting out in anger as he began to answer some of the attacks made upon him. It was a fighting speech. He was often asked, said Ike, what political deals he had made. "I have heard of all kinds of deals, all of us have," snapped Ike. "They have borne many adjectives in this country in the past 20 years. I am a strictly No Deal man."

The crowd roared.

A lot of people wanted to know whether he would make a fighting campaign. "For 40 years it's been my business to learn the trade of fighting. And I would know of no reason why, when I got into the most significant battle of all my life, why I should suddenly ease up . . . A change in administration in our federal government is absolutely mandatory. America needs new national leadership, and the Republican Party is in a position to give it . . ."

He swung hard at the Taft machine's delegate-grabbing tactics, particularly the Texas steal (TIME, June 9): "When I say let's clean out corruption, that pertains to . . . our political processes as well as to government itself. It applies to political parties. It applies to primaries. It applies to my native state, Texas."

Who Asks Second Looies? Eisenhower brought up the often-heard question of why he did not take Berlin ahead of the Russians. His reply: 1) he had to push forward with his left to protect Denmark from possible Red occupation; 2) the Russians were 30 miles from Berlin when Eisenhower's armies were 300 miles away; 3) after his armies reached the Elbe—a line he had chosen—a political decision in which he had no part forced him to withdraw 200 miles west. At Potsdam, said Eisenhower, he had unsuccessfully opposed the division of Germany and the idea of begging Russia to come into the war against Japan. "Why did I agree to the political decisions of Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam? Well, some of you men out there were second lieutenants. Did they ask you?"

But, he continued, "the political leaders . . . in our form of government, do not ask soldiers to participate in political decisions—and they should not do so."

Cheers interrupted Eisenhower 30 times in 28 minutes, engulfed him at the end. But how effective was his off-the-cuff experiment? It put across his strong and often moving sincerity. It created a suspense (will he make a mistake?) which some found exciting and others painful.

While Ike has much off-the-cuff speaking experience, he was not quite equal to the hazards of public-address systems (sound engineers vainly worked on the Detroit p.a. system till the last minute), the emotional impact of facing a vast crowd, the split-minute timing necessary for TV and radio. Ike rambled on about Berlin, then saw a TV technician flashing a warning sign that he had only three minutes to go: Ike threw away part of what he had wanted to say, raced on to the finish, and then had two minutes to spare. After a press conference (most notable statement, on votes for 18-year-olds: "If a man is old enough to fight he is old enough to vote"), Ike and Mamie took off for Denver. They were welcomed by a crowd of

"Arrangements" Were Made

When the 46 members of the Republican Convention arrangements committee settled down in Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel last week, the committeemen who like Ike knew that they were outnumbered. The only question was how far the Taft majority would go in naming Taftmen to key positions in the national convention. How far they went was apparent a moment after the session ended. Ikeman Ralph H. Cake, Oregon national committeeman, stomped out of the meeting room and growled: "Yes, they have rigged us, but good."

In the rigging, the Taftmen picked: ¶ For keynoter, Taftman Douglas Mac-



TAFT SUPPORTERS IN CHICAGO

"You are obviously having a political nightmare."

100,000, Ike hoped to play a little golf before meeting Western delegates.

Time Fuses? What has Ike accomplished?

He has not caused what some of his backers had hoped for—an "explosion"—but no one could tell in how many delegates' minds he may have planted the time bombs set to go off at Chicago.

He has certainly put on a different kind of campaign. He has scared the professional politicians by saying "I don't know" when he doesn't know, by talking off the cuff, and (as he put it in Denver this week) "saying what is in my heart." Sound or not, that is the way Eisenhower intends to run his show.

He has shown himself a good Republican, which has already cost him a good deal of support from liberals, but may improve his chances in general. Perhaps his greatest failure so far has been the lack of a positive, forward-looking program. His supporters feel that Ike's career proves him a forward-looking man who believes in getting things done, but he has not clinched that point.

Arthur, thus breaking a not-very-solid tradition of neutral keynoters.

¶ For the speaker on the night before the balloting begins, Herbert Hoover, who is assumed to be for Taft.

¶ For permanent chairman, Massachusetts' Representative Joseph Martin, no Taftman, but the next thing to it: a devout MacArthur man.

¶ For the vital post of temporary chairman of the convention, Walter S. Hallanan, manager of the successful Taft campaign in West Virginia.

¶ From there on down to the doorkeeper, there is not a branded Eisenhower supporter on the list. Nearly all are out & out Taft workers.

"The Grass Roots." When the Ikemen raised the cry that the committee's action was more Taft steamrolling, Ohio's Representative Clarence Brown smoothly replied that what they were seeing was just

¶ From left: Taft Southern Strategist B. Carroll Reece, Walter Hallanan, Harrison Saunders, Clarence Brown and Ralph Gates, national committee general counsel.

the "grass roots" at work. Then he amplified: "When the Willkie crowd—the gang that's now behind Eisenhower—did this to us in 1940, they explained it was grass roots from the American people.* When the Dewey crowd did it to us . . . in 1948, they explained it was more grass roots. So what we've just seen is the finest grass roots, in the best Willkie and Dewey tradition."

The blow that struck the Ikemen hardest was the committee's choice for temporary chairman. Traditionally, the key-note is the temporary chairman, but everyone agreed that General MacArthur's lack of experience with political conventions made him an unlikely choice. So the Taftmen's choice was West Virginia's Hallanan.

A wealthy Charleston oilman (Plymouth Oil Co.), Hallanan has been the tough, domineering boss of West Virginia Republicanism for a quarter of a century, has served 24 years on the national com-

mies seventy times seven times, have clasped Hallanan to their bosoms once more, and this time they expect him to stay clasped. As temporary chairman, Hallanan will take the gavel a few moments after National Chairman Guy Gabrielson raps the convention to order on July 7, and will preside until after the keynote. He will be in charge when the convention adopts rules and seats contested delegates, when his rulings might be disastrous to the Eisenhower forces. Theoretically, a ruling of the chairman can be reversed by a majority of the convention; practically, what the chairman says goes, nine times out of ten.

Although they were cautious in comments about Hero MacArthur, the Eisenhower high command let fly at Politician Hallanan. Pennsylvania's Senator Jim Duff roared: "As an umpire we'll have a man who is already a player in the game." Campaign Manager Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. speculated that he might take

had not decided whether they would take the risk of a fight against Hallanan.* Telephone lines from the Ike headquarters in Washington carried a steady flow of long-distance calls to delegates. The Ikemen realized that the Taft "arrangements" in Chicago would have their greatest effect on delegates who want only to be with the winner. They might get just the impression that the Taftmen wanted them to—that Taft cannot be stopped.

On the busy telephone lines, and in every other way they could, the Eisenhower men were trying to turn the Taft weapon against the Taft machine. Their argument to delegates: Taft is trying to push you and everybody else around; this steamroller will disgust the voters so much that Taft can't possibly win in November.

Rules & Raving

The Eisenhower forces had another occasion last week to raise their voices in pain and anger. From Washington, the Republican National Committee sent eleven disputes over delegates back to Republican state committees for decision. Basis for the action: a party rule which says that arguments about district seats must be settled by state conventions or committees, and that only delegate-at-large contests can be considered at the national level. The horrified Ikemen pointed out that their complaint, in practically all cases, has been that Old Guard Taftmen controlling state organizations are trying to freeze out Eisenhower delegates. The committee's action, they said, was letting the accused judge their own crime.

Glee & Pain. In high glee, Taft & Co. promptly brought up a fact which only intensified the Ikemen's pain: the rule under which the committee acted was adopted in 1944 and indorsed in 1948 when the Dewey forces, now backing Ike, controlled the party machinery. If the Dewey rule holds, the number of contests the Ikemen can bring before the convention itself will be greatly decreased.

One reason for the Eisenhower forces' anger was quickly demonstrated. A day after the national committee's announcement, the Louisiana State Committee met in Shreveport to settle the seven cases the committee sent back to it. There to hold the Taft fort was John E. Jackson Sr., who for 23 years has bossed the Republican party in Louisiana, quietly keeping it small so he could hold control until the day when there would be some patronage



DELEGATES GRIMMET (WITH WALKING STICK) & WISDOM (FAR RIGHT)
"You would think we were on Kojia Island."

mittee. A close friend of Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy, he lets Joe fly around in his company's DC-3.

Hallanan has not always been a trusted Taft lieutenant. Just after Taft was defeated by Dewey in the 1948 convention, one of Taft's most important and consistent supporters gave this description of the West Virginian: "Hallanan was a double-crosser. He double-crossed Frank Knox in 1936. He double-crossed us in 1940. We didn't trust him, but he had a hell of a row with Dewey in 1940, and we thought that would hold him. This time he went through to the last day, and then, when the going got tough, he went over to Dewey with West Virginia."

"Shyster" & "Spoiled Child." The delegate-hungry Taftmen, obeying the Biblical injunction to forgive their ene-

me a megaphone to Chicago, in case Hallanan refused to let Ikemen use the microphones. Taftmen on the arrangements committee, said Lodge, had used "shyster tactics."

Hallanan shouted right back, called Lodge "a completely spoiled political child." "You are obviously having a political nightmare," he said. "Even your rights as a delegate to the convention will be fully preserved and protected."

Ikemen wanted to do something more than shout about Hallanan, and they began to study the possibilities. When his appointment as temporary chairman comes before the convention for confirmation, they can nominate someone else from the floor and try to get their man in. But that would involve a serious risk. If Hallanan won that fight, wavering delegates might take it as an indication that the Ikemen could never muster enough votes to win, and a stampede to Taft might start.

At week's end Eisenhower supporters

* In 1940 Minnesota's wonder boy Harold Stassen was keynoter and temporary chairman, then startled Taftmen by becoming Willkie's floor manager.

* Only once in Republican history has the party organization's nominee for temporary chairman been defeated by a nominee from the floor. That was in 1884, when foes of James G. Blaine put John R. Lynch of Mississippi in the chair instead of Blaine's man, Powell Clayton of Arkansas. The man who led the battle for Lynch: Massachusetts' guested Henry Cabot Lodge, then 34 years old, grandfather of Ike's campaign manager. The night before the convention, Lodge and young (15) Theodore Roosevelt scurried around Chicago hotels convincing delegates. Next day they climbed on chairs to rally the anti-Blaine forces on the convention floor. Lodge's victory, however, was temporary: Blaine was nominated.

to pass around.* On hand to plead the Ike cause was John Minor Wisdom, a fiery New Orleans lawyer, who has been trying to enlarge the party and wrest control from Jackson.

The old Jackson-Wisdom feud became a Taft-Ike battle early in 1951, when Wisdom started persuading Democrats who liked Ike to switch their registration to Republican so they could take part in party caucuses and conventions. Said he: "Your vote might decide the next President."

Taftman Jackson saw what was going on, and began wooing Democrats, too, but Ikeman Wisdom had a head start. When it was time for this year's party meetings, Wisdom had the upper hand. But whenever Jackson's faction were outvoted, they bolted, held their own rump sessions. Result: contesting Jackson & Wisdom delegations to Chicago.

Last week, when the Jackson-controlled state central committee met to consider the seven contests sent back to it, Wisdom & Co. knew they were fighting a losing battle, but they tried. Wisdom was on his feet during most of the session, objecting to everything, including the fact that the meeting was being held in Shreveport instead of New Orleans. At that, Shreveport's fiery Judson M. Grimm (who at one point threatened to hit an Eisenhower man) brandished his walking stick and shouted: "You would think we were on Kojie Island." Replied Wisdom: "That's right. It is like Kojie Island. We are prisoners of the state machine."

Two New Ones. The committee did not get around to settling the seven contests. Instead, it created two more. It decided that one previously uncontested district convention was illegal because it had not been advertised properly. On that basis, it unseated the two Wisdom-Eisenhower delegates, named Jackson-Taftmen in their place. Next week the committee is to meet again to act on the seven contests. No one in Louisiana has any doubt about the outcome: in all cases, it will decide for the Taft delegates.

After all last week's furor about the contests, Bob Taft came forward with a bit of his philosophy about such cases. Said he: "I may say that as far as ruthless treatment in conventions is concerned, where the Eisenhower people had the power, they have used [it]. I see no reason why, if the Taft people are in control, they should not do the same."

The Political Generals

Military officers on active duty have been prohibited from taking part in politics ever since 1920, when Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, grew indignant at Major General Leonard Wood's all-out campaign to capture the Republican presidential nomination. Aft-



MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD
After him, 600-10-17.

er Wood had been defeated by Harding, Baker ordered a regulation drawn to head off similar attempts in the future. Last week, with five-star Generals Dwight D. Eisenhower and Douglas MacArthur up to their very chins in politics, many a U.S. citizen was asking just when a soldier may properly take the stump.

Army Regulation 600-10-17 specifically forbids "activity at political conventions or on political committees, participation in political campaigns, the making of political speeches, the publication of articles, or any other public activity looking

to the influencing of an election or the solicitation of votes for [himself] and others."

Under ordinary circumstances, an officer who wants to engage in political activities has to resign, retire or be discharged. But the rules were written before the five-star generals and admirals were created in World War II. They have a peculiar status, like a patent of nobility. Ordinary retirement rules do not apply. They are assumed to be on active duty for life, and they can draw full pay for life.

If MacArthur, who is over retirement age, were only a four-star general, he would be retired on three-quarters pay, and he could engage in politics. Eisenhower, however, has not yet reached compulsory retirement age. He has given up his Army pay, but if he is defeated for the presidency, he can ask that his pay start again. Either man could resign, and thereby lose his pay for life.

Last week the Army considered MacArthur's case, announced in tones of considerable relief that it would take no action against him. Pentagon officials were apparently acting on the fact that the regulations had not been written with five-star generals—who are automatically the victims of a conflict of technicalities—in mind. But as any sergeant could have guessed, there were other considerations.

For one thing, asking MacArthur to give up pay, earned in heroic service, would raise a storm of protest from his admirers. For another, trying to get him out of uniform against his will would be troublesome. On top of all that, President Truman made it obvious at his press conference last week that he was delighted at the spectacle of the Republican generals squabbling among themselves, in or out of uniform, and would do nothing to head them off.

None of this was surprising; in the 32 years since Secretary Baker propounded the principle involved in Regulation 600-10-17, there has been no record of charges being brought against any soldier for violating it.

The June Brides

Just about the most fervently wooed individuals in the U.S. at the moment—with the possible exception of June brides—are the 147 (by last count) uncommitted Republican delegates. Since they may hold the balance of power at Chicago, they are fondly embraced by campaign literature, caressed by personal letters, dined & wined (or at least beered) at party shindigs, promised a secure future by politicians—if only they will love, honor & obey one or the other candidate.

The uncommitted react to the situation much like June brides, combining a certain amount of confusion with a heady sense of power.

The Dangers of Huff-Huff. A typical uncommitted delegate is Russell E. (or Eggman) Crawford, of Montgomery County, which adjoins Philadelphia on the west and north. Crawford is secretary and a director of the Ehret Magnesia

DELEGATE BOX SCORE

The competition for delegates to the Republican National Convention settled down last week to pulling and hauling for the uncommitted and contested delegates; there were few changes. Among the Democrats, Russell collected Georgia's 28 votes to displace Harriman in second place. The situation at week's end:

Republicans (Total: 1,206; needed to nominate: 604):

Taft	454
Eisenhower	390
Warren	76
Stassen	26
McKeldin	24
MacArthur	3
Contested	73
Not committed	147
Still to be chosen	13

Democrats (Total: 1,230; needed to nominate: 616):

Kefauver	230½
Russell	112
Harriman	86½
Williams	40
Kerr	33
Others	154
Contested	52
Not committed	328½
Still to be chosen	193½

* Ikeman pointed out that New Orleans, with a population of 600,000, had only 309 registered Republicans in 1950 compared to about 12,400 when Jackson took over. In all Louisiana there are only about 2,000 Republicans.



DELEGATE SHAFFER

The mailman was getting tired.

Manufacturing Co. (200 employees), a respected community leader and a member of 39 organizations, including the Masons (33rd Degree), the Rotary, the American Legion, the Philadelphia Union League, the Jefferson fire company, the board of trustees of the Y.W.C.A. and the Republican Party.

He started his political career in his teens, driving voters of Norristown's old third ward to the polls in a buggy. In 1940 he was a sergeant-at-arms at the Republican Convention, a delegate in 1944, an alternate in 1948. As a convention veteran, he knows the emotional crises that can beset the delegate's mind. "Let us suppose that one man has 560 votes and the other 550. That's when you have to keep cool. You can't be huffed into a wrong decision."

Since the primary (April 22), Crawford has received 350 letters and postcards from voters, so far about 6-4 in favor of Ike. Sample exhortations: "General Eisenhower is the only Republican who can win this election—and we have to win it." "Eisenhower says he's a Republican but he has never proved it." He has had letters from Senators Taft, Capehart and Lodge. He has been getting pro-Taft papers, including the *Chicago Tribune*. He dutifully reads as many editorials as he can.

Crawford likes both candidates ("I know Taft's viewpoints and I'm very much in accord with his qualifications. I am waiting to hear more from Eisenhower's own lips, but I have confidence in the people who are backing him"). In fact, the only thing wrong with the two gentlemen, as far as Crawford can see, is that one is bound to lose. Says Crawford worriedly: "We don't want to be in the position of having backed a loser when the winner distributes the patronage."

Virtue in Danger. In a similar but more embattled position is Delegate George

Shaffer of the 17th Michigan District, which is north of Detroit. An employee of the telephone company, he hardly gets off the telephone even after hours; on any evening he may receive between a dozen and two dozen calls from political workers. He has had 550 letters (350 from Ike fans), and his mailman, says Shaffer, is getting a little tired of the whole business. "Even my neighbors," reports Shaffer indignantly, "have tried to influence me while playing bridge or canasta."

A man's political virtue is not safe these days. "I walk out of the building to go to lunch," says Shaffer, "and somebody grabs my arm and says: 'How about joining me at lunch today?' Complete strangers have been wlaying me in the lobby. A fellow's got to be careful." Unguarded words, feels Shaffer, can give all sorts of people all sorts of wrong ideas; both the Ike and Taft forces have recently listed him as committed to their side, which amounts to a charge of political bigamy. So far, though, Shaffer has had no bribes offered to him (he did at the last convention).

A little espionage is not unusual among delegates. Shaffer thinks that in Michigan there are now 33 uncommitted delegates ("We have organized a group to keep one another posted"), but suspects that at least a dozen of them will succumb to the blandishments of their fallen brethren (i.e., the committed) before July 7.

Shaffer himself is not particularly interested in which candidate is chosen, as long as he represents majority will in the 17th District (a poll is now being taken to determine that will). Says Shaffer: "So far I have been able to stay on the fence and keep both ears to the ground. But it is a difficult position."

Mrs. Shaffer is not having an easy time either, with all those canvassers who ring the doorbell all evening. But she is getting used to it. She merely opens the door, says, "Come in," and calls out to her husband: "George, here's another one."

POLITICAL NOTES

Who's for Whom

¶ Margaret Truman showed up at a party wearing a Harriman button, expertly eluded newsmen who wondered if she had cleared it with dad.

¶ Lieut. General Leslie Groves (ret.), wartime boss of the atomic Manhattan Project and now a Remington Rand Inc. executive, plumped for Taft. "We want an American realist, not an internationalist, in the White House," he said.

¶ Taft headquarters at Washington published results of a poll showing 55% of 1,028 Wall Street bankers and brokers for Eisenhower, 42% for Taft.

¶ The Scripps-Howard chain of 19 newspapers across the nation plumped for General Eisenhower. Reason: "He is a warm, friendly, modest man, who may not know too much about politics, but knows a lot about what is good for the country . . . He is a natural and inspirational leader . . . He radiates hope and contagious confidence in America."

DEMOCRATS

Side Shows

Most Democrats spend their time these days swapping rumors, gleefully watching the Republicans heave invective at one another, and waiting for the party leadership to swing its decisive blocs of uncommitted delegates to a specific candidate. Not so the Democratic Party's hopefuls. Last week the three leading contenders of the moment were busily beating the bushes across the land in hopes of flushing a few stray delegates, and perhaps of catching the bosses' eyes.

On a four-day visit to the Southwest, Averell Harriman clung closely, as usual, to the Fair Deal party line. At Phoenix, he labeled the G.O.P. "the Grim Old Pessimists." At Albuquerque, he cried that "we could never have defeated the forces of fascism in World War II if our economic vitality had not been restored by the New Deal." On the Taft-Eisenhower promises to cut spending, he said: "You can't have low taxes and security." At Salt Lake City, he rode in a jolting backboard escorted by 40 cowboys and Ute Indians, who later made him a chief. Said Chief Averell: "Nicest time I've had since becoming a candidate."

At week's end, Harriman's party-lining paid off. Chairman Calvin L. Rampton of the Utah delegation to Chicago announced that at least eight of the state's twelve votes would go to the New Yorker. Harriman's campaign managers hoped for as many as a score more in New Mexico, Arizona and Montana. These were Harriman's first noteworthy conquests outside New York.

For wide-ranging Estes Kefauver, the week's mission was primarily to edge his way back to the party line. In a speech to the National Press Club in Washing-



Ralph Morse—LIFE

CANDIDATE KEFAUVER
Old Hickory rides again.

ton, he announced that he had been "in error" when he recently proposed a time-limit ultimatum to the Communists in Korea. He explained that he had been enlightened by General Ridgway's report that the United Nations lacked the strength to make it stick. Another possible explanation: Kefauver's recent chat with Harry Truman. Two days later he headed back to the hustings in his chartered Lockheed Lodestar, catching badly needed catnaps aloft with the aid of a sleeping mask. He invaded pro-Russell North Carolina for some folksy talk about daughter Linda's troubles with the mumps. Then he boarded his plane for Chattanooga, his adopted home town, to raise funds at a \$25-a-head barbecue and to collect some extravagant tributes. Sample: "Tennessee gives us the modern Andrew Jackson."

Georgian Dick Russell set forth on a 15-day invasion of the Midwest to try to demonstrate that "I am an American before I am a Southerner." At Omaha he said, "I have never been a sectional candidate," and plumped for high farm-price supports. Midwesterners liked his soft-spoken, courtly manners. "Too bad," said a party leader, "that he's not from some place like Ohio or Indiana."

THE PRESIDENCY

A Matter of \$40 Billion

President Truman last week journeyed to Groton, Conn., for the keel-laying ceremony of the first atomic submarine, *Nautilus* (TIME, Dec. 17). The *Nautilus* is further along than the term keel-laying suggests. Many of its parts have been prefabricated; it should be in the water early next year.

Truman took the occasion to swipe at a remark attributed to Eisenhower that \$40 billion could be cut from the federal taxes. Said the President: "That would leave us with about half enough money to support our armed forces even if we didn't spend a dollar for anything else."

In context, Eisenhower meant that the federal budget could be reduced \$40 billion through economy, if a successful U.S. foreign policy achieved enough international stability so that the U.S. could get off its emergency basis. The President, who operates from emergency to emergency, apparently did not get the idea.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Spending Spree

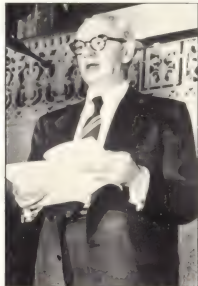
Each year in June, Government-spending suddenly shoots up high above the average of the other eleven months. Reason: June is the last month of the fiscal year, and unspent money on hand at year's end might give Congress the idea that the agencies could get along on less. Last week, with the year-end spree in full swing, Government-spending was costing each American family some \$37.50 a week in taxes, as compared to a weekly average of \$28.80 for the other months of the year.

LABOR

The Steel Curtain

For more than six months, the U.S. has been trying to settle the strife in its basic industry, steel. Before their contract ran out last December, management and labor tried to solve the problem by negotiation and failed. The three branches of the Federal Government, executive, legislative and judicial, put in their hand but brought out no solution. This week 475,000 steelworkers began the third week of a strike, almost 90% of the nation's steel industry was paralyzed, and no solution was in sight.

Almost. In their last-ditch conferences last week, negotiators for Big Steel and Big Labor almost made it. In Washington,



Associated Press

PHIL MURRAY

"Almost" changed to "never."

a three-man industry subcommittee headed by Jones & Laughlin Steel's Ben Moreell sat across the table from a labor trio headed by Steelworker Boss Phil Murray. Point by point, they took up each economic issue, e.g., pay raise, holiday pay. They made tentative agreements, went on to the next issue. Finally, they approached agreement on a wages-benefit package which would eventually cost the company 24.6¢ per man-hour (present average hourly wage: \$1.83).

But before they could sew up their final agreement, they had to pass the most difficult point of all: the union's demand for a union shop. Many modifications were discussed, and Republic Steel's President Charles White questioned Murray carefully about a plan similar to the General Motors modification in which old employees are not forced to join the union, and new employees can drop out, if they wish, after one year's membership. Union and Government men listened eagerly. They thought Big Steel was about to compromise on the big issue.

Next day, the industry team came back after a half day meeting with representatives of all the big six steel companies and half a dozen smaller firms. Now, they were firmly against any form of union shop, as a matter of "principle." Said U.S. Steel's Vice President John A. Stephens: "In the U.S., membership or non-membership in a union should be a matter of free choice with the individual." Phil Murray scoffed. He wanted to know how the companies could say they were standing on principle when they have union-shop agreements with other groups of employees, such as their coal miners, seamen and railroad workers.

With that, the negotiations collapsed. The steelmasters, confident that the Government would allow them a price increase, had tentatively offered a bigger wage-benefit boost than most observers thought they would. By doing so, they had hoped to isolate the union-shop issue, so that they could argue that Murray was keeping the strike going only to build his union's membership and its treasury. Phil Murray, who didn't want the union-shop issue isolated, contended hotly that there had not been a final agreement on anything.

"Good Old Harry." At that point, Harry Truman, who had seized the industry earlier only to have the Supreme Court rule that he had no power to do so, stepped into the picture again. He rode up to Capitol Hill, asked Congress for seizure power. An injunction under the Taft-Hartley law, said Truman, would be unfair to the workers. After they had already worked more than 150 days without a contract, it would force them to work 80 days more without a raise. In Pittsburgh, Steelworker Tom Zema glowed: "Good old Harry. He talks like he's a steelworker too."

Congress gave Truman less applause than any President in recent years has received for a speech on Capitol Hill. (Bob Taft laughed derisively during the address.) The Senate promptly turned down three seizure proposals, then requested the President to use the Taft-Hartley law. Truman in his speech had made it clear that he was against the law, and would use it only if Congress urged him to, i.e., if it freed him of political responsibility for invoking it in this election year. Phil Murray was violently against it too. Like Harry Truman, he didn't want the law to get any credit for settling the strike.

Glumly, the nation's mobilizers turned their attention to living with the strike. They would try to route critical orders to the 29 steel plants still operating (because their workers are unorganized, or because they have new or unexpired contracts), and they would try to take advantage of Phil Murray's offer to reopen enough plants to keep defense production going. A mobilization official was less than confident about how much steel these efforts would provide. Said he: "It won't be a drop in the damn bucket."

In most cases, civilian and defense production has enough steel to carry on for

20 to 35 days, although the pinch might come sooner for some manufacturers (e.g., jet engine plants), who need special high-alloy steel. On the television-equipped picket lines, the workers have not yet asked for help from union welfare funds, but the steelworkers' treasury and those of other big C.I.O. unions are ready to help in hardship cases.* Phil Murray and his lieutenants vowed that they would "never surrender." Said Murray: "There just isn't any group or citizen in this country big enough to whip this union."

After six months, the steel curtain between labor and management seemed to be far heavier than ever.

CRIME

Floor Show at the Emerson

Though there are dozens of other second-rate residential hotels on Manhattan's upper West Side, the dark green lobby of the 297-room Hotel Emerson seems to be irresistible to holdup men. The Emerson's long-suffering night clerk, one Martin Henry, has been stuck up three times in the last two months. Even so, he was not quite prepared for the three pistol-packing braves who strolled in out of the grey dawn at 4 o'clock one morning last week, announced, as is regular on such occasions, that they wouldn't mind blowing his head off, and set to work cleaning out the poor old Emerson all over again.

They had obviously come prepared to stay awhile, even to bringing a few cans of beer and a crowbar. Under the leadership of a self-possessed youth named "Red," they forced Martin Henry and the night elevator man to take off their pants and lie down on the cold marble floor behind the desk. The mobsters thoughtfully extracted \$102 from the till. Then they took over the hotel.

"Take Off Your Clothes!" Pistol at hand, Red lounged behind the desk. When a television actor named Frank Curran strolled in at 4:10, Red pointed the piece at him. Curran's hands shot up. "Get those arms down, chum," snapped Red. "And take off your clothes!" Curran, seeing the bodies on the floor, thought he had stumbled over a gang massacre. "This is a case of mistaken identity," he cried. Red and company did not argue. They jerked off his coat and pants, stopped short at his shorts. Said Red: "Now tell me how you feel, chum." Curran gulped and said: "I feel as though I might have a heart attack." Red was instantly solicitous, laid a hand on his victim's chest, nodded and allowed him to rest in a chair before joining the pair on the floor.

Guest after guest wandered in. One puzzled man stared at the robbers and innocently asked for the night clerk. "He's lying down," said one gunman soothingly, and then took \$80 in cash and a wrist watch away from him. The robbers found the telephone morning-call schedule,

awakened guests by ringing them up at the proper hour. When the early risers sounded the elevator buzzer, one of the robbers ran the cage upstairs, politely brought them down to be fleeced, departed and assigned a place on the floor.

The pile of booty swelled. A diamond salesman was robbed of \$2,000 in stones. An Army sergeant gave up \$80. "It's a tough war, sergeant," said Red, smiling faintly. A mail carrier who happened in after dawn was captured, but allowed to keep his pants on since he claimed they were Government property. Red was politeness personified. He broke open the cigarette machine, distributed smokes to his victims and passed out drinking water. When one of his helpers cursed a victim



Albany Times-Union—International
KILLER DONALD SNYDER
Betty June sat beside him.

he cried: "Cut that out, Herkimer. None of that stuff." Herkimer desisted.

The Cold Floor. The robbers' air of gallantry reached its peak when a red-headed nightclub singer named Judy Malory came in after her night's work and cried: "What kind of a party is this, everybody in their panties?" Said the robbers' leader: "Hello, Red. Get in there with the rest of the customers." But the floor was cold. "Hey," she cried. "I can't stand this." She was permitted to sit on a chair and to keep her clothes on.

By 7:18 there were almost a score of victims in the bandit's marble corral, with all but the mail carrier and two women lying stiff and cold in their shorts. At that point another guest—an astonished man—entered, stared at the scene and cried: "What the hell's going on here?" The horizontal captives behind the desk winced and waited for shots. It took them several minutes to realize that the robbers had long since faded silently away, taking pistols, crowbar and \$3,383 in loot, and that they were, beyond any doubt, making a terrible spectacle of themselves.

A Quiet Afternoon

Lake Mahopac, N.Y. (pop. 1,000) is as quiet and peaceful a town as could be found in a month of fine summer days. It has big trees, sunlit lawns and white houses, which often stand with open doors in warm weather. One of the white houses on a street called Bullet Hole Road is owned by a hardware merchant named Marvin Arnold, and late one afternoon last week, a balding, chunky fellow walked casually to its front entrance.

He was Donald Snyder, 25, automobile thief and jailbird. The day before, he had escaped from the New York prison at Stormville, N.Y., twelve miles away, and he had been walking and hiding since. He did not look particularly dangerous, even as he said: "I am an escaped convict. The cops are after me. Let me in or I'll take your children."

The Knife. Mrs. Dorothy Arnold flipped the lock on the screen door. Her little girl and a neighbor's little boy were playing in the yard, and she screamed to them to run. They did, and were soon spreading the alarm through the neighborhood. The intruder kicked in the screen, forced his way into the house, picked up a butcher knife, and without a word laid a hand on the shoulder of the Arnolds' older girl, nine-year-old Betty June.

When two neighbors came hurrying into the yard, he stood in the doorway, knife in hand, and shouted: "If you come any closer I'll kill the kid." The neighbors retreated. Quiet fell again, and the convict ordered Mrs. Arnold to make him a sandwich. She did, and he bolted it. There was nothing to be seen outside: a crowd of baffled neighbors and policemen were hiding behind a row of bushes.

After half an hour, Snyder led Mrs. Arnold and Betty June out to the Arnold garage, told the mother to get behind the wheel of the Ford convertible. He sat in the middle of the back seat and pulled Betty June in beside him. A state trooper and a part-time policeman named Alex Williams left the bushes, walked into the garage, and began pleading with Snyder to release the girl. He refused. Williams raised a pistol, aimed it carefully at the convict, and pulled the trigger.

The Pistol. As the shot crashed out, Snyder sank the butcher knife into the little girl's abdomen. Williams fired two more shots. The garage filled with white-faced, babbling men. They got the bleeding convict and the little girl out of the car. Betty June cried, "Daddy! Daddy!", but she made no fuss otherwise, and it was presumed that she was only scratched. She died a few hours later.

All Lake Mahopac stores were closed during her funeral two days later, and the little Methodist Church was jammed to overflowing. There was angry muttering in town when it was learned that Snyder would probably live to be tried for murder. But for all that, the whole thing had been so unreal that Lake Mahopac, drowsing again in the sun, could hardly believe it had happened.

* During strikes Phil Murray cuts off his own \$1,000-a-year salary and the pay of all his officers and organizers.

WAR IN ASIA

BATTLE OF KOREA

Alarms & Excursions

The hotting-up along the battlefield began casually enough. Concerned by a Communist buildup in forward areas, including much artillery, the Eighth Army stepped up its patrolling and redoubled its efforts to capture enemy prisoners for interrogation. In the west near Chorwon, elements of the U.S. 45th Division attacked and seized a T-shaped hill mass from where they could almost look down the enemy throats.

The Chinese counterattacked, behind heavy artillery and mortar batteries, and at one stage of the battle the Americans were clinging to a southern knob of the T while fighter-bombers blasted the Chinese positions by day and by night. It was still a small-scale action in contrast to the giant Communist offensives and allied counter-offensives in the spring of 1951, but it involved battalions and regiments instead of squads and platoons, and it was the fiercest fighting of 1952. Hundreds of Reds were reported killed and the U.S. casualty rate also rose.

The U.S. generals still professed to see no signs of a large-scale Communist offensive. Britain's Defense Minister, Field Marshal Earl Alexander, conferred with Generals Clark and Van Fleet, and repeated the current U.N. line: if the Communists attack they "would take a terrific loss and would not break through."

PRISONERS

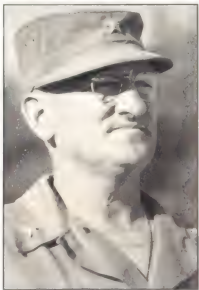
Lion Tamer

Koje Island's new prison commandant, a first-class combat man, emerged last week as a soldier who could also use his wits in the most disagreeable of rear-area jobs. Boldly and shrewdly, Brigadier General Haydon L. Boatner had chosen Compound 76, scene of the Dodd-Colson coup, as the first to be tackled in bringing order to the prison. After the bloody battle in which Compound 76's 6,000 hard-core Communists were subdued (TIME, June 26), the other tough enclosures on Kojé toppled like ninetails, with no further fighting between guards and prisoners. By week's end, some 30,000 prisoners had been moved into smaller enclosures, where they were searched and fingerprinted. During the cleanup nearly 800 anti-Communists had escaped from Communist control and were safely segregated, and more than 100 ringleaders in kangaroo-court murders had been identified, dragged out and isolated. It seemed physically impossible that any further mass rebellion could occur. Reported "Bull" Boatner: "The worst is over."

Meanwhile, the prisoner death list following the battle of Compound 76 rose to 41.* At least twelve of these were killed by last-ditch fanatics for refusing

to fight or for trying to obey Boatner's orders, some were bayoneted in the trenches by U.S. paratroopers, and others died in buildings captured only after concussion grenades were tossed in. The Americans did not fire a shot, although the prisoners fought with spears, homemade swords, clubs and barbed-wire flails. Also found were maps which indicated that a Communist capture of the whole island had been planned.

Kangaroo Courts. When the order to move went to the next pen—Compound 78—the inmates, who had watched the battle of 76, lined up meekly and were



KOJÉ'S GENERAL BOATNER
"The worst is over."

taken away. Compound 77 was next, and it was here that Bull Boatner made his one tactical mistake of the week. He gave 77 a day's advance notice of the move, and the Communists inside used their last night to execute anti-Communists. After the evacuation, 16 bodies were found, hacked, beaten or strangled, tossed into water-filled ditches, jammed into metal drums, and even hidden under hut floors. Compound 77's kangaroo courts had not found all of the anti-Communists, however; 85 more broke away next day.

Boatner's paratroops moved on to Compound 95. While the prisoners were being moved, interpreters passed orders for the column to turn left, but added that anti-Communists could fall out to the right. No fewer than 400 anti-Communists turned to the right. Some of these dashed their red-starred caps to the ground.

Boatner expected some trouble from the swaggering, defiant North Korean officers of Compound 66, but after he had taken representatives from the enclosure on a tour of the blood-spattered ruins of Compound 76, the officers marched out in

orderly ranks, five abreast. As a reward for obedience and a mark of respect for their rank, Boatner ordered the machine-guns on the watchtowers turned skyward during the transfer. Only one North Korean officer stepped out of ranks; he identified himself as an anti-Communist.

Pens & Runways. The new prison pens, intended to house no more than 520 men each, measure some 200 by 155 ft. and are surrounded by a double fence of barbed wire. They are arranged in groups of eight in larger enclosures, which are also fenced with double barriers of barbed wire. The large enclosures are traversed by a central barbed-wire runway, which makes it easy for guards to reach any of the smaller pens with tear gas. Constant and thorough searches, and floodlighting at night are expected to prevent the prisoners from cutting the wire and thus assembling in larger groups.

After being herded into the small pens, the battered survivors of Compound 76 had still not had enough. Three times in one day they disobeyed orders; each time they were brought to heel by tear-gas barages. One anti-Communist, hardly more than four feet tall, seized his chance to scramble under the wire of his pen, lacerating his back but getting away just ahead of clutching Communist fingers. He said he had been sentenced to death, and he then put the finger on 102 members of kangaroo courts. These malfactors were dragged out by U.S. guards for isolation.

At week's end, like a lion tamer who disdains whip, chair and pistol, Bull Boatner entered one of the new pens and walked alone, unarmed and unmolested, among the prisoners. He had cowed the unruly Communist, and had done much to restore U.S. prestige lost by previous pampering and bungling.

THE ALLIES

"I Don't Care"

Said an old Syngman Rhee crony last week: when Rhee gets a critical note from President Truman or the State Department, his attitude is—"I know you don't like me and I don't care." Last week, obviously not caring how his acts affect his allies or the Korean war, stubborn, 77-year-old President Rhee kept trying to get his high-handed way and smashing at whatever interfered.

¶ When the Voice of America in news broadcasts quoted editorials critical of Rhee, the South Korean chief silenced the Voice by denying it the use of his country's ten-station network.

¶ To the Assembly went a Rhee ultimatum: adopt his proposals for presidential elections by the people (instead of by the Assembly as the constitution provides) or face dissolution. Said Rhee: "I may have to be obedient to the people. . . . And the question will be very easily settled." Rhee's police still hold eleven opposition Assemblymen incommunicado.

* Plus one U.S. paratrooper.

NEWS IN PICTURES



United Press

KOJE ISLAND CLEANUP of rebellious P.O.W. compounds, ordered by Brigadier General Hayden L. ("Bull") Boatner, wiped defiance off



faces of some of the Communist prisoners, who soon learned that the 750 U.S. paratroopers assigned to do the job meant business.



United Press

TRADITIONAL AMERICAN SCENE, commencement on the elm-shaded campus, was caught by cameraman at New Haven where

6,000 alumni, parents and friends saw awarding of 1,928 academic and honorary degrees at Yale University's 251st graduation exercises.



International

COMPOUND 76, headquarters of rebel ringleaders, was burned to ground when 6,000 hard-bitten Communists put



Associated Press

up a last-ditch fight, in which 41 prisoners and one G.I. guard were killed. Battle ended with capture and isolation of Reds' chief, Lee Hak Koo (above).



United Press

EAGLE'S NEST view of Berchtesgaden, which soothed Hitler's jangling nerves, was shared by 19,679 German visitors during first two

weeks after Bavarian Alpine Association opened a tea lodge at one-time dictator's retreat atop Mt. Kehlstein. Cross honors war dead.

INTERNATIONAL

EUROPE

"Just One More"

A supposedly routine meeting of the French cabinet one day last week produced an announcement that had all the contours of a big diplomatic monkey wrench. The French, in an abrupt departure from the agreed-upon tactics of the Big Three allies, asked for a four-power conference with Russia on the question of Germany.

The news fell with a startling clatter into the delicate diplomatic machinery of the allies. Russia naturally wants what France proposes: around a conference table it could postpone, perhaps even block, ratification of the West German peace contract and the European Army treaty. Without advance warning to Britain or the U.S., the French had seriously endangered the Allied position. Irritated State Department policymakers, set upon by reporters, squeezed out guarded and anonymous expressions of chagrin.

Hesitations. Second thoughts, haggles, reservations, foot-dragging and doubts were not confined to the French. In West Germany, Kurt Schumacher's Socialists and some of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's own government coalition used the French hesitations to reinforce their own. They want one more attempt to talk German unity with the Russians before the line dividing East Germany from West solidifies like the line that divided North and South Korea.

The British government is also more disposed to a four-power parley than it likes to admit. Said Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden in the House of Commons last week: "That thought . . . is not excluded from my mind."

The fact is that millions in Western Europe and Britain seem anxious for "just one more" attempt to bargain. Each diplomatic success (such as the signing of the West German peace contract) produces an irrational reluctance to do more, seeing how well things are presumably going.

There were other second thoughts. Some came from diplomats who ardently believe in the European Army, and fear that Europe's "just one more" feeling will defeat ratification unless a Big Four parley can prove that the Russians are not ready to bargain. Some, like Britain's multiplying Benaventes and their Continental counterparts, still think there is a possibility of a deal with Russia that will relieve the allies of the oppressive stress & strains of rearmament. Others see it as a way to stall until the November elections show whether the next U.S. President will be a man who sticks in Europe or wants to withdraw.

Some Continental politicians believe that the Russians do genuinely fear German rearmament, and may be ready to talk business. In reply, the U.S. points to six years of Soviet obstructionism in U.N.,



EAST GERMANY'S ZAISER

His police force walks like an army.

258 fruitless four-power sessions over an Austrian treaty, and a year's frustration at Panmunjom. To attempt to bargain before the West German and European Army treaties are ratified, the U.S. fears, means putting the treaties themselves on the table as bargaining items.

Back Down. Dismayed by the French proposal, Secretary of State Dean Acheson called in the French and British ambassadors, and talked consecutively to them for an hour and ten minutes. Soon the French backed down a bit, said that they propose a low-level conference of ambassadors or even lesser officials, not a full-dress foreign ministers' parley; they also want a tightly restricted agenda which Russia would have to agree to in advance. Next step: a meeting of the Big Three foreign ministers in London later this month. Originally Dean Acheson intended to visit England only to be made an honorary Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford. Now he will have to work to make the allies speak with but one voice again.

COMMUNISTS

The Vopos

As West Germany debated last week whether it should have an army, East Germany was unmasking one.

Five thousand jack-booted, blue-uniformed toughs swarmed into the border districts to put down disturbances by farmers trying to save their homes as the Reds bulldozed a three-mile-deep isolation corridor between East and West Germany. The blue-uniformed men, part of a 100,000-man force, are called the People's Police (*Volkspolizei*, or Vopos, for short).

Escaped East Germans have given West

German interrogators a thorough picture of the Vopos. Aside from the occasional guarding of Red army arsenals, they have no police duties, but live in old *Wehrmacht* barracks and train in the art of war. Out in the field they rehearse platoon and company maneuvers, learn to operate heavy machine guns and the "Stalin Organ" (a multi-tubed rocket launcher). They have a naval arm of 10,000 and a fledgling air force. The *Volkspolizei* is a police force that walks like an army.

The "Sovietniks." Former Nazi officers drill them, Red partisan veterans (some with as many as 15 different "cover" names) fire Communism into their minds. For two hours each evening, Vopo graduates of a special *Politkultur* school in Berlin indoctrinate the men in the history of the Russian Communist Party, the German workers' movement, the current "peace" campaign. Woe to the Vopo who does not learn his lesson—he may draw up to six weeks' confinement to barracks.

Supervising these activities is a Russian "advisory" staff. Each of the 24 regional Vopo units has its six-man contingent of Red army field-grade officers who dress like Vopos, live in the barracks, and keep a cold eye on training. The other Vopos call them "Sovietniks" and try to stay out of their way.

To conceal their true functions, officers and enlisted men have been given police ranks, but each parallels an army rating. The 24 Vopo commands will eventually become 24 full divisions.

The Bosses. Boss of the whole show is Security Minister Wilhelm Zaisser, whose profession is revolution. Communist Zaisser led the Rhineland Red uprisings of 1923, later turned up in Spain as "General Gomez," commander of the 13th International Brigade. Heinz Hoffman, Inspector General of the Vopo, is a graduate of the Red army's war college.

Weak spot of the Vopo is morale. The men are recruited from East Germany's tattered, disillusioned youth, enticed by promises of the best wages, food and clothing. When recruiting lags, state factories discharge young workers and factories employment agencies offer these unemployed a choice: join the Vopo or work in the uranium mines. Leaves are hard to get and liberty uniforms are kept under lock. Each month an average of 90 to 100 Vopos get fed up, desert to the west. Probably no more than 30% of the whole force are ideologically certified Reds. In fact, the Russians, like the western allies, show some reluctance to rearm Germans. Their two prize Nazi trophies, captured Generals Friedrich von Paulus and Walter from Seydlitz, are still in Russia, apparently not trusted to run an army of Germans. Veteran *Wehrmacht* officers originally assigned to the Vopos are being shunted aside as unreliable. The Russians hope to rear a new generation of indoctrinated German officers, but seem to have recurring doubts about them too.

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FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Appointment in the Park

In London's King George's Park one sultry evening last week, a pasty-faced young Briton kept an appointment with Pavel Kuznetsov, ferret-faced second secretary of the Soviet Embassy to Britain. The young fellow was William Martin Marshall, 24, a \$21-a-week radio operator employed by the Foreign Office to transmit clear and coded messages to British missions abroad. Once a clerk in Britain's Moscow Embassy, he had been meeting Communist Kuznetsov clandestinely for several months.

Engrossed in their conversation, neither Briton nor Russian noticed three burly eavesdroppers lurking near the park's deserted bandstand. But as Marshall turned to go, the three men barred his way. Chief Inspector William Hughes of Scotland Yard's Special (counterespionage) Branch, stepped up: "You are William Martin Marshall?" The young man nodded. "We have reason to believe," said Hughes, onetime bodyguard to Prime Ministers Churchill and Attlee, "that you have committed offenses under the Official Secrets Act. We are arresting you."

In court next day, Marshall, whom friends describe as "an average, rather stupid young man," was formally charged with having "on divers dates and at divers places, for a purpose prejudicial to the safety or interests of the state, communicated to another person, to wit, Pavel Kuznetsov, information . . . useful to an enemy." Marshall denied everything, and went to jail to await his trial. The Russian was safe from arrest, under diplomatic immunity. Scotland Yard would not say whether Marshall had given away any important secrets; handling code as he did, he was in a position to. He was the fourth Briton to be branded as a spy since World War II.*

Sounding the Alarm

Britain is on the brink of bankruptcy, but the British people, who have lived so long in peril that they have become inured to crisis, seem the last to realize it. For one thing, the crisis in its present dimensions affects the nation as such, rather than the people as individuals; only later will they feel the result of inequalities in a worldwide exchange of goods far from the British hearth. Last week, in a speech that rang with the fervor of olden days, Winston Churchill did his best to shake the British out of their complacency. The



Keytone

SPY SUSPECT MARSHALL

A purpose prejudicial to the state.

crisis is "scarcely less vital," said he, than the dire days when the Nazis rained bombs over London.

The Trap. "I have never seen a people look better or more carefree," the Prime Minister told the British Press Association luncheon in London. "What I wonder is whether they have realized the treacherous trap door on which it all stands. It is an alert that I am sounding: yet it is more than an alert—it is an alarm. We have never been beaten yet, and now we fight not for vainglory or pomp but for our survival . . ."

"Thanks to the unpopular measures that have already been taken by the Chancellor, we have reached in the last six months a position of equipoise. Our head is above water, but it is not enough to float. We have to swim . . . and we have to swim against the stream. At the moment, we can say we are holding our own . . . but we cannot be satisfied with that. We cannot live from hand to mouth and from month to month in this world of change and turmoil. We must create by long and steady systems of trade and exchange throughout our Empire and Commonwealth, and throughout the wider world, reserves of strength and solvency which enable us to rise solid, steadfast and superior . . . Thus and thus alone can we stand firm and unbroken against all the winds that blow."

The Truth. One prompt result of Churchill's words was a spate of speculation that Britain's bank balance was lower than even the bankers suspected. Pundits in the financial district wondered whether dollar reserves might fall so low that the pound would be devalued again. Cripps devalued the pound in 1949 when Britain's dollar reserves fell to \$1.3 billion;

they rose to \$3.8 billion at the end of June 1951. By the end of last March they were down to \$1.7 billion again. After Churchill's speech, the *Financial Times* sternly demanded "the whole truth." Next day the House of Commons was packed, as members gathered gloomily to hear the worst.

It failed to materialize. Imperturbable Chancellor Rab Butler proceeded to paint a picture that differed substantially in tone from Churchill's dark hues. "Since the end of March," he reported, "our gold and dollar reserves have fallen by less than \$28 million. This loss in nearly 24 months compares with a loss of \$935 million in the last three months of 1951 and \$635 million in the first three months of 1952. We are holding the position, and have had a welcome and definite respite in the loss of our reserves."

Said the *Daily Express*: "After the Churchill thunderburst comes the Butler rainbow." Bankers in the City grumbled that cabinet ministers ought to speak from the same script. Actually, Churchill was trying to stir the home folks, Butler to reassure the rest of the world, and both were in a way right—Butler in saying that the decline has not worsened, Churchill in saying that the situation is still perilous.

Power Through Shortage

In the lowering fog that shrouded the cliffs of Dover one morning last week, an unseen foghorn moaned. As if summoned by the echoes, 178 saw-toothed workmen, each carrying a brown paper parcel or a battered cardboard suitcase, trudged along the quay of Dover Marine Station and straggled up the gangplank of a trim Belgian steamer, the *S.S. Koenig Albert*. The men were Italian miners, recruited to dig coal in fuel-hungry Britain; they were being sent away because British miners refused to work with foreigners (*Time*, May 26). Most will find jobs in Belgian pits.

Britain's economic health depends on so small and crucial a thing as a 10% increase in its annual coal production. To help dig that extra coal, the National Coal Board last year invited 5,000 unemployed Italian miners to work in the pits. They were to be given the dirtiest and lowest-paid jobs; they would be the first to be fired in hard times. But 18 months and \$615,000 later, only 2,000 had been placed. And their 715,000 British workmates threatened to down tools unless the "Eyeties" were thrown out.

What was wrong with the Italians? "They wave their hands when they talk," groused one Englishman. "They wink at the women and shampoo their hair." Worst of all, said a squat Yorkshire digger, "They haven't learnt to talk English proper." Back of this pettiness was an unreasonable fear of unemployment that discourages hard work in all of Britain's heavy industries. Haunted by depression

* The others: Professor Alan Nunn May, convicted in 1946 as a member of Canada's atomic spy ring; Physicist Klaus Fuchs, now serving a 14-year sentence for selling atomic secrets to Russia; Cosmic-Ray Physicist Bruno Pontecorvo, who fled, presumably for Moscow, in 1950. Two other Foreign Office men, Diplomats Donald MacLean and Guy Burgess, who disappeared last year and have not been heard of since, are presumed to have fled beyond the Iron Curtain.



ITALIAN MINERS LEAVING BRITAIN
"They wouldn't talk to us."

memories of dole and idleness and "bread and drip" (a diet of bread spread with cooking grease), British coal miners expect to safeguard their now-well-paid jobs by keeping coal in short supply. "They don't want coal," said a bitter Italian. "For them, *la mancanza fa la forza*—power through shortage."

The S.S. *Koenig Albert* cast off from Dover. Leaning on the taffrail, the Italians reflected on the months of wasted time. Some were bitter: "The English were afraid we would take their work away from them. How could we? They don't do any." Others grieved. "They wouldn't talk to us," cried Giovanni Ovino. "I said to myself: 'Maybe they don't like my black hair.' In a funny way, I felt ashamed of my hair. But how could I change it?" Domenico Loi saw it in a wider context. "They weren't Communists. . . . But if they had been Communists, they couldn't willfully have damaged their nation more." As if in agreement, the unseen foghorn moaned.

FRANCE

Priests in the Pokey

Paris' tough police force, bruised and angered by Communism's May 28 Ridgeway riots, made a shocking discovery last week. Two of the rioters whom they locked up and manhandled were Catholic priests in workmen's clothes. Abbé Louis Bouyer, 35, and Bernard Cagne, 28, are ordained members of the *Mission de Paris*; like 85 other French "worker priests" (TIME, Feb. 27, 1950), they live and work with their flocks, do not always reveal themselves as priests, seek to convert by example as well as by precept. Bouyer earns his daily bread as a production hand in the Hispano Suiza plant; Cagne in the Simca auto factory. Some-

times, say critics of the worker-priest scheme, it is the priests, not their fellow workers who get converted.

Thrown among the Communists in Paris' suburban Red Belt, the abbés' working-class enthusiasm got the better of them. When the Red workers marched, both priests joined in and were pinched.

Fists & Cudgels. In a five-page handout delivered to the newspapers and approved by the Archbishop of Paris, the abbés last week told their story. "Faithful to our connection with the working world, we found ourselves with everyday friends, Communists or not, Christians or not, [who] wanted to express in spite of government restrictions . . . hopes which can be translated by the following words: 'Ridgeway in France means war.'"

Once arrested, "we were scarcely across the threshold of the police station, when we were seized by 20 gendarmes. They hit us with their fists and cudgels: when we were knocked down, they picked us up and started again. . . . Then they put us in the cellar. We could only hold each other's hand."

Next morning at 9, the police commissioner called the abbés into his office. As the priests told it, the commissioner first remarked: "I'm an old seminarist myself. You are a partisan to violence instead of fraternity." Then he bopped Abbé Cagne on the head with one of the iron placards the Communists had used to beat up the cops. "I respect the priest, but not the man," roared the officer.

Abbé Bouyer came next. "False priest, bandit, priest of Stalin," cried the police commissioner, "you want to destroy religion." He clubbed Bouyer in the back. "Do you approve of this?" an officer asked the abbé, pointing to the iron head of a Communist club. "No," quavered Bouyer, "but I understand it." The Com-

munist poked it in his stomach. "Go ahead, get the hell out of here."

Tears & Questions. Paris' Communist dailies wept crocodile tears over the handling of the priests. The respected *Le Monde* scolded the cops for "inexcusable brutality," but sensibly added: "Was it really the priests' place to take part in a political demonstration forbidden by the government?" "Certainly not," answered pipe-sucking Prefect of Police Jean Baylot, whose attitude toward Communist rioters is a skull for a skull. "I don't care if they're ambassadors, priests, pastors, rabbis or candy salesmen. If they take part in an illegal demonstration, they will suffer the consequences."

SPAIN

Poet's Sentence

"I am no swindler, only a poet," pleaded the handsome would-be lawyer Faustino Valentin. Citizens of Valencia, jamming the lofty, oak-paneled courtroom where he was standing trial, applauded lustily, for the swindles that Faustino had perpetrated were just such poems as all their dreams were made of. For 15 days last year, he had convinced them all—and many a harder head into the bargain—that a certain penniless founding named Maria del Rosario was in reality a marquessa possessed of vast lands and riches. A local bank had cheerfully advanced money to Maria to clothe her new dignity. Maria had established herself and her foster parents in a new home to await delivery of her lands and castles. All Valencia reveled in her good fortune (TIME, Sept. 24) until the bubble burst. It was all a fake, dreamed up by young Faustino, a onetime law student who had flunked out.

"I wish the code had a stiffer penalty for those taking advantage of poor people," said the prosecutor. "This man made a fool out of a poor, honest working girl." The presiding judge agreed. Last week he sentenced Valentin to four years and three months in prison, plus an indemnity of 20,000 pesetas to be paid to Maria. But the 27-year-old ex-marquessa, who had taken time off from her job as a charwoman to testify, bore no grudge. Her work-reddened hands dross in the folds of a rich, black silk dress, the one remnant of her marquisal wardrobe, she told the court: "Of course, he lied. But it could have been true. . . . And for 15 days I was happier than I've ever dreamed of being. I am grateful to him."

Faustino bowed low. "*Gracias, Marquessita*," he said.

SWEDEN

"Outrage"

An unarmed Catalina flying boat emblazoned with the three gold crowns of the Swedish royal air force lumbered above the Baltic early one morning this week in search of a sister plane that had been missing for four days. Cruising east, some 60 miles off the coast of Estonia and 110 miles from the Swedish coast, the defense-

less Catalina was ambushed.* Two Russian MIG-15 jets bashed down and made seven passes at the Catalina, one of them blasting away with its 20-mm, cannon. Hit several times, the Swedish plane got off a message to its home base: it had been crippled but would try for home.

The Catalina did not make it. About 90 miles from home, it made a forced landing at sea, and cracked up. For tantalizing hours, Sweden heard no more. Then came another report—a German merchant ship had rescued the Catalina's seven crewmen, two of them wounded.

Two Protests. The news explained beyond much doubt what had happened to the first missing plane, an equally defenseless transport used as a "flying classroom" for Swedish air force radio operators, and to its complement of eight. The Baltic from Finland to Danzig was awash with Soviet warships and submarines, the sky was thick with Russian jets; all were engaged in sea and air maneuvers.

A wave of cold anger swept across doggedly neutral Sweden, which stayed out of World Wars I and II and now refuses to join Norway and Denmark in NATO. The anger was aggravated by an event in Stockholm: the opening of a treason trial against seven Swedes who are accused of selling out the secrets of Sweden's entire northern defense system to Soviet espionage agents. On the streets and in the coffeehouses, Swedes muttered their indignation. Prime Minister Tage Erlander summoned Soviet Ambassador Konstantin Rodionov. As he left his own embassy, a crowd of Swedes jeered at the ambassador and spat into the embassy compound. When he walked out of the Foreign Office, he carried away with him two irate Swedish protests.

Answers, Please. One protested Soviet espionage in Sweden and demanded that the Reds make their diplomats stop spying. The second demanded retribution for the "act of violence perpetrated by Soviet military aircraft" and steps "to punish those responsible for the outrage."

RUSSIA

Kremlin Gambit

With a sudden shifting of pawns and one of their bishops, the impulsive players in the Kremlin changed the alignment of the diplomatic chessboard last week and left the rest of the world wondering what new gambit they were up to this time.

The maneuver went thus:

- ¶ From Moscow to London to be new Soviet Ambassador to the Court of St. James's—stony-browed Andrei ("Walk-out") Gromyko, 42, since 1949 the U.S.S.R.'s chief Deputy Foreign Minister;
- ¶ From Washington to Peking as New Ambassador to Red China—Alexander S.

* In just about the same area two years ago, Russian fighters shot down a U.S. Navy Privateer, with a crew of ten. The men were never found. The Russians admitted that they had attacked the plane, rejected U.S. protests, and decorated the Soviet airmen who performed the deed.

Panyushkin, 47, the wordless wonder who has represented Moscow in Washington since late 1947;

- ¶ From London to Washington—Georgy N. Zarubin, 52, unobtrusive envoy to Britain for the past 5½ years;

¶ From Berlin to Moscow as a Deputy Foreign Minister—Georgy Pushkin, Ambassador to the East German Communist regime for nearly three years.

In Panyushkin, Peking will be getting Russia's freshest expert on U.S. affairs at the time when the Chinese Reds, lacking any diplomatic contact of their own with the U.S., probably feel the need for some interpretation and guidance on the mood and the thinking of American policymakers. Panyushkin served as Ambassador to China from 1939 to 1944.

But the key move in the gambit is the return of Andrei Gromyko to the world outside the Iron Curtain. The most experienced and brainiest of the band of hostile, icy "new generation" Communists who today are Russia's representatives to the outside world, Gromyko is plainly a big gun in the Foreign Ministry. In three years as Ambassador to the U.S. and two as Soviet delegate to the United Nations, his showing was brilliant enough (by Kremlin standards) to make him heir presumptive to Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinskiy, whose health is none too good. In sending him to London instead of Washington, and in sending a nonentity to Washington, the Russians are plainly saying that they expect to accomplish more mischief in Britain than in the U.S. What mischief? Driving a wedge between the U.S. and Britain. Along with the diplomatic switch last week, both *Pravda* and *Izvestia* began playing up stories of "intensified Anglo-American contradictions." Andrei Gromyko presumably goes to London to hold the wedge for the Kremlin's busy hammer-swingers.



RUSSIA'S GROMYKO
What mischief next?

United Press

JORDAN

Much the Same

*Flashed off the wires the fateful message came,
He is no better; he is much the same.*

Thus in 1871 did Poet Alfred Austin report for the British people the illness of their Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. The Kingdom of Jordan boasts no such newsy poet as Britain's Laureate Austin, but last week Jordan's King Talal took to the wires to make his own attempt to chronicle the state of his health. In Beirut, Talal's younger brother Naif received three telegrams. The first read: "Expect you in our legation in Rome as soon as possible. Talal." The second read: "Meet at once at the Beau-Rivage Hotel, Lausanne, Talal." The third read: "Forget my telegrams, no need to come." They all added up to the fact that poor, schizoid King Talal was not much better; he was much the same.

Talal still refused to see a doctor. When not sending telegrams, he spent his time in Lausanne pedaling moodily over the lake on a water bicycle, or setting detectives in search of his adored wife, Queen Zaine. He gave up the search when he learned that Zaine, who had fled in fear of his recent sudden spurts of violence, had put herself under the protection of Swiss police in the Palace Hotel at Montreux. Meanwhile, his 17-year-old son and heir Hussein, whom Talal had chased in frenzy from a bedroom in Paris two weeks ago, had returned to Britain and his Harrow schoolroom, to go back to his studies and to await the time when he himself might be called to Jordan's throne.

ISRAEL

Compelled to Loan

Without warning, all scheduled broadcasts on the Israeli radio were canceled one night last week. Instead, listeners heard the weary voice of outgoing Finance Minister Eliezer Kaplan: starting in 48 hours, Israel's would have to turn in their old currency, printed in 1948, and would receive new notes in return. As each Israeli shoved his currency through the bank window, the teller would automatically deduct 10% on all notes of five Israeli pounds and above, as a compulsory government loan, repayable in 15 years with 4% annual interest. Bank deposits of £50 and above would be assessed in the same way.

Only a handful of Israeli leaders knew what Kaplan was going to say, but all Israelis had been expecting something drastic. Their new country simply has not been able to make ends meet. All but \$2,000,000 of the \$200 million in loans and grants-in-aid from the U.S. Government has been spent. (Israel has received a larger share per capita of U.S. grants and loans than any nation in the world.) The last \$11,500,000 of the \$65 million U.S. grants-in-aid intended for capital improvements had to be diverted

to pay current bills. With an expensive army and ambitious capital improvements to be paid for, with imports running eight times greater than exports, infant Israel has been playing tag with bankruptcy.

The compulsory loan, said the government, would 1) raise an extra \$55 million for capital improvements, 2) reduce the inflationary pressure which has doubled and trebled some prices since February, 3) expose the black-marketeers and currency speculators who hold much of Israel's large-denomination banknotes. The Israeli government has promised that the nation would be solvent by 1958. But would the first forced loan be the last? Nervous Israelis hurried off to the nearest jewelers, to convert currency into fluctuation-proof diamonds.

EGYPT

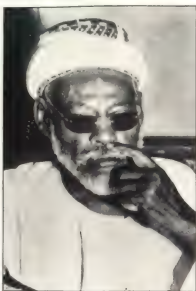
The Great Climbdown

Up to a few weeks ago, the dispute over the Sudan was a textbook example of unprofitable diplomacy. All parties had crawled far out on separate limbs. The British had 1) all but pushed the Egyptians out of the million square miles of Sudan, despite the continuing fiction of a condominium and 2) firmly promised the 8,000,000 Sudanese the right of self-determination. The Egyptians had 1) named King Farouk Sovereign of the Sudan and 2) let it be known that they considered the pro-Independence party in Sudan (the Umma) a collection of dogs and British lickspittles. For the Sudanese, Umma Leader Sayed Abdul Rahman el Mahdi,* the richest man in the Sudan, had threatened a holy war if the Egyptians tried to get back in. The impasse was complete.

At this point, all sides came to realize that they had better scramble down from their perches. The Sudan issue was the main obstacle to cordial British-Egyptian relations, and the sooner it was settled the sooner peace would return to a troubled area.

True to its training, the British Foreign Office pulled the saving maneuver: while London would not renege on its promise of self-determination for the Sudanese, it was O.K. with London if the Sudanese themselves, of their own free will, wanted to negotiate with Egypt.

Soon, a distinguished six-man Umma delegation headed for Cairo. In four formal meetings and nine *iftars* (sundown breakfasts during the fast month of Ramadan), the two sides narrowed down the issues. Said Egypt's Premier, Hilali Pasha: if the Sudanese want self-government, they can have it. But first they must acknowledge King Farouk's sovereignty, and only then may they hold a



SAYED ABDUL RAHMAN
During *iftar*, an understanding.

plebiscite. Said the Umma leaders: if the Sudanese want to recognize Farouk's sovereignty, well & good, but first let the Sudanese decide that by a plebiscite. Neither side went out on any limbs. The meetings were good-natured, enlivened by Hilali's complicated puns in Arabic.

They ended last week with the understanding that old Umma Party Chief Sayed Abdul Rahman would come himself to Cairo to resume the talks. All sides were still far from agreeing, but—as one Sudanese minister explained it—"Our viewpoints were as far apart as Cairo and Khartoum [1,100 miles]; the distance now is only that from Cairo to Aswan [460 miles]." Cairo and London agreed that the chances for a settlement were the best in months.

CAMBODIA

Government of Princes

Far from the Red River delta fighting in French Indo-China lies Cambodia, southernmost of the three states (Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos) that make up the French Indo-Chinese Union. Cambodia, too, has come in for its share of strife, at the hands of some 1,800 guerilla bandits led by an anti-French demagogue named Son Ngoc Thanh. Like Ho Chi Minh's rebels to the north, Son Ngoc Thanh's men are ostensibly non-Communist nationalists, but they are glad to accept Communist help.

Cambodia's plump, Western-minded King Norodom Sihanouk Varden, 29, repeatedly ordered Premier Huy Kanthoul to take strong measures against the rebels. But, like the rebels themselves, dictatorial Premier Huy Kanthoul was more interested in plugging the French than in keeping out the Reds.

Last week the King decided to take matters into his own hands. He fired Huy

Kanthoul and appointed himself Premier. To man his new cabinet, he drafted a handful of Cambodian royalty, including (as Minister of Education) an able prince, Ping Pas Yukanthor. With the help of this "government of princes" the new Premier-King promises to clean up Cambodia within three years. At the end of that time, he plans to submit his actions to the judgment of a "people's court," with representatives of six foreign nations acting as impartial observers.

CHINA

Transfusions of Hate

One night during his conducted tour through Communist China, Editor Frank Moraes of the *Times of India* was kept awake by mosquitoes. "You know, Chang," he said playfully to his interpreter, "the mosquitoes . . . sucked my blood. From today I shall call them landlords."

"No," retorted Chang somberly. "Call them American aggressors."

Everywhere Moraes went as one of India's cultural delegation to China, the story was the same, he wrote last week in the *New York Times*.

From the seemingly sagest adults to the small children, reported Editor Moraes, the bloodstream of China has been seriously infected with the propaganda germs spread daily from Peking: "America is Public Enemy No. 1. From billboards and posters, through the press, film and radio, in incessant speeches and slogans, the U.S. is reviled as an imperialist and an aggressor. Even the mild-mannered Madame Sun Yat-sen chuckled with glee when drawing our attention to a cartoon depicting Dean Acheson . . . as a 'bacterial bug.'" Moraes noted that Chinese who speak English with an American accent are nervous about where they got their education; he met one Columbia-educated Chinese interpreter who, while favoring American-style clothes and flaunting an American fountain pen, carefully made it clear that she had "hated every minute" of her stay in the U.S.

Moraes found the Chinese Communists' propaganda about American bacteriological warfare in Korea to be "clever and not ineffective." Since the dropping of the atomic bombs on Japan, he wrote, "Asian opinion has been particularly sensitive to the use of unorthodox weapons of war" and susceptible to the belief that the Americans are now using other Asians—the Communists in Korea—as guinea pigs for another horrible weapon. The Peking germ-warfare exhibition fills three large halls, with exhibits of parachuted cylinders allegedly full of germ-carrying insects, and maps showing where the Americans dropped pests 804 times at 70 points. An American-made phonograph plays over and over the "confessions" of two captured U.S. airmen.

"Loyalty to the state and hatred of those who differ with you," Editor Moraes decided, "are the twin props of Communism."

* Posthumous son of the great Mahdi (messiah) whose desert dervishes laid siege to the undermanned British garrison of Khartoum in 1884, backed to death its famed commander, General Charles ("Chinese") Gordon. Thirteen years later Kitchener avenged Gordon's death by smashing the dervishes at Omdurman. The Mahdi was already dead, but Kitchener ordered his tomb razed, his bones thrown into the Nile.



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OLD BALTIMORE DISHES ARE FEATURED AT THE HISTORIC BELVEDERE BAR

THE HEMISPHERE

GUATEMALA

Reform or Else

Guatemala's Congress this week passed one of the most sweeping land-reform bills ever enacted in the Western Hemisphere, and sent it to President Jacobo Arbenz. As the measure's prime sponsor, he was expected to sign it promptly into law.

Backed by Guatemala's influential Communists, the bill is designed to double the number of small landholders by expropriating larger landholders' untitled fields. Owners of such idle lands—possibly one-third of the country's arable acreage—will be paid off with 25-year government bonds. The bill exempts all farms of 225 acres or less and farms of less than 675 acres on which at least two-thirds of the acreage is cultivated. Also exempt, because they are cultivated: the vast banana plantations of the U.S.-owned United Fruit Co.

The new program promises to tear the social and economic fabric of the country as surely as did Mexico's revolutionary land reforms. Even before the bill was passed passions blazed in capital and countryside. Near the eastern frontier, rabble-rousing organizers of the National Peasants Union announced lists of landholders marked for expropriation, and began measuring off parcels. Infuriated small farmers, swinging machetes, seized police headquarters in the village of San José Arada, wounding two cops. In Camotán, another band hacked a union leader to death and wounded five of his backers.

Nervous and obviously expecting more trouble, the government replied with increasing harshness toward the big landholders. In answer to hints that the law might bring civil war, it issued a decree last week forbidding any citizen to carry arms. And its congressional backers, led by Communist Víctor Manuel Gutiérrez, wrote another amendment into the bill: "Landowners who oppose the agrarian reform law by violent or subversive means will be totally expropriated by the government without regard to the limitations referred to in the law."

MEXICO

Dismantled Mill

From 1934 until last week, a discontented wife or husband could get unhitched within three days in the resort town of Cuernavaca, 47 miles south of Mexico City in the state of Morelos. All the restless spouse had to do was sign a few papers, pay a registration fee (\$100), and give public notice. That could be done by placing a three-line ad in a local newspaper or pinning up a curt announcement on the courthouse bulletin board.*

Over the years, more than 40,000 peo-



Associated Press
DIVORCEE MERICAN & FRIEND*
Juarez was willing.

ple, two-thirds of them U.S. citizens, took the Cuernavaca cure, bringing the state government an average \$30,000 a year in fees, and enriching several local lawyers. If the divorcing spouse got in touch with the right lawyer, it was not even necessary to show up in Cuernavaca. Most divorce seekers, however, gladly made the trip. With its lush gardens, colonial buildings, year-round swimming pools and air-conditioned cocktail lounges, Cuernavaca is an agreeable place to spend a few days. Among the divorce-bound visitors: Heiress Barbara Hutton, Actress Myrna Loy, Denise Darcel, Paulette Goddard, Faye Emerson.

But last week the Morelos state legislature wrote an end to quick divorce in Cuernavaca. It voted into law a new divorce bill requiring, among other things, six months' residence. Sponsor of the bill was never-divorced Governor Rodolfo Lopez de Nava, who took office only four weeks ago. Lopez argued that free & easy divorce laws had made the state "notorious."

Last of the liberty-loving U.S. celebrities to turn up in Cuernavaca was Muscomedian Ethel (*Call Me Madam*) Merman. She blew into town just as the divorce gates were closing. But a local official in Juarez, a quick-divorce city in Chihuahua on the Rio Grande, came to the rescue. He assured her by telephone that she would be welcome in Juarez and would get "prompt and satisfactory service." So Ethel went to Juarez, and found that the service there was still prompt indeed; within 48 hours she had a divorce from Hearst Executive Robert D. Levitt.

* Ambassador Bill O'Dwyer's wife Sloan, her hostess at a Mexico City party.

NICARAGUA

Promise Kept

As part of its \$1.3 billion highways bill for the present session, the U.S. Congress last week authorized \$4,000,000 for a 200-mile road linking Nicaragua's Atlantic and Pacific coasts. It was a great victory for Nicaraguan Dictator Tacho Somoza, convalescing in Boston after a major abdominal operation. "I am awfully happy," said Tacho. "Nicaragua is the best friend the U.S. has—and I love that road. It can transport troops across the isthmus if the Panama Canal should be blown up."

Tacho first got the promise of the road from President Roosevelt just before World War II, when the Good Neighbor policy was blowing hot. On a visit to Washington in 1939, Tacho reminded his hosts that the U.S. had never built the interoceanic canal across Nicaragua for which it had obtained rights 23 years earlier. But, he said, Nicaragua's wounded pride might be restored by a 6-ft. barge canal linking the principal cities with the Atlantic. According to Tacho, Vice President Jack Garner tipped the scales in his favor by turning to F.D.R., highball in hand, and drawing: "Why don't you give this boy his ditch?"

When engineers later advised Roosevelt that such a canal would cost too much, Tacho offered to settle for a trans-isthmian highway. Roosevelt agreed.

With funds from a special White House emergency kitty, a right of way was hacked out of the jungle from San Benito on the west to Rama near the east coast. Then the war ended, and it was up to Congress to vote funds to finish the job. Year after year, Congress refused to meet an obligation that Roosevelt had contracted in his most offhand executive manner without consulting a single member of the Senate or House. Year after year, Tacho ponied up \$30,000 a month to keep the road from going back to bush. This year Assistant Secretary of State Edward G. Miller told the House committee: "... The terms of an executive agreement ... will not be honored in full until the road ... is finished from San Benito to Rama, and until a survey is completed from Rama to El Bluff [on the east coast]. Relenting at last, Congress agreed to provide for Tacho's "F.D.R. Highway."

VENEZUELA

Broken Contact

Venezuelan security police intercepted two suspected Russian secret agents at Caracas' Maiquetia Airport a fortnight ago, and later deported them. Last week, after a bitter exchange of protests, Venezuela announced that it had broken off relations with Russia and recalled its chargé d'affaires from Moscow. In Latin America, only Argentina, Uruguay and Mexico still maintain diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union.

* Legend has it that one New Yorker, afraid his wife might try to contest his suit, posted a notice of intent in the courthouse men's room.

PEOPLE

Take It or Leave It

Between shows in the capital, Musi-comedienne **Carol** (*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*) **Channing** disclosed that her giddy role had not kept her from observing a phenomenon across the local foot-lights. Her dictum: "Washington audiences come to the theater as researchers. They watch me like hawks and . . . treat me with the deference they would accord to a symphony, but it's impersonal . . . If Americans are ready to accept big people with close-cropped hair and large eyes like me, Washington wants to know about it. I have a feeling I'm being examined and absorbed and filed away, because you never know when I might come in handy, if I'm really the new American taste."

In Dallas, where such Hollywood rooters as Producer **David O. Selznick** and Cinemactor **Ronald Reagan** tried to cheer up some 1,000 low-grossing movie exhibitors at a morale meeting, Evangelist **Billy Graham** popped in with an idea for curing the industry's ailments. Cried Graham: "Take sex and crime out of the movies. We've had so much sex in this country till we're sick to death of it. That's why people stay away. Decent people are ashamed . . ."

After being lionized as the old darling of the Cannes film festival, veteran (68) Slapstick Producer **Mack Sennett** returned to Hollywood with a bit of advice for Americans going to France: "Don't be surprised by anything." To show what he meant, Sennett recalled a **Maurice Chevalier** show in Paris where the chorus girls bounced around naked from the waist up. Said Sennett primly: "I had to clean my glasses three times to make sure."

In London, at a Mothers' Union session presided over by his wife, the **Archbishop of Canterbury**, father of six sons, thumped for bigger British families. Said he: "A family only truly begins with three children. Thereafter . . . majority rule becomes at once possible. After all, that is the beginning of democracy . . ."

Old Wine, New Bottles

On her stepfather's small farm near Lowell, Ind., **Barbara Paul Sears** ("Bobo") **Rockefeller**, 35, the miner's "Cinderella" daughter who married **Winthrop Rockefeller** in 1948 and separated from him 2½ years ago, cried out against the false glitter of gold. Of the \$1,000,000 trust fund set up by her husband last February for their three-year-old son, Winthrop Jr., Bobo said contemptuously: "It doesn't mean a thing. It's inadequate if he's to be raised to the station in life that a Rockefeller should be . . . A Rockefeller wasn't born to be raised on a farm." She said she will not tell little Winnie that he is a millionaire: "He grabs at everything in sight at the toy store, [but] I tell him: 'We can't afford it, dear.'" Bobo described herself as broke, an installment-plan buyer, knee-deep in cook-



Eileen Dorsey—Graphic House
CAROL CHANNING
"I might come in handy."

ing and other menial household chores. When told that her husband's lawyers had said that Winthrop had given her a tax-free \$128,000 since their separation, Bobo was "absolutely flabbergasted." Said she: "Untrue . . . absolutely disgusting." But all Bobo really wants, she indicated, is a reconciliation: "I love Winthrop. I always have. After all, he is the father of my first child. There's an old saying that a woman never forgets the father of her firstborn. I'll never forget him . . ."

After a year in the U.S. Army, including nine months of German occupation duty, Pfc. Vito Farinola, 24, better known in



BOBO ROCKEFELLER
"I'll never forget . . ."

his civilian days as Crooner **Vic Damone**, was home again to tackle an assignment right down his alley. Following official orders, Vic dropped into a Manhattan recording studio, cut a platter called *The Girls Are Marching*, a rousing new number which the Defense Department hopes will help recruit 80,000 women.

In Rome, Maestro **Arturo Toscanini**, 85, bothered by a year-old knee injury, put his ailing leg in the hands of Hypnotist **Achille** ("The Sorcerer of Naples") **D'Angelo**, widely known in Italy for cures attributed to his mesmeric touch.

Down Memory Lane

Riled by G.O.P. Presidential Candidate **Dwight Eisenhower's** statement that "beyond pure Socialism lies pure dictatorship," old (67) Socialist **Norman Thomas**, himself a six-time presidential election loser, shot off a bristling letter to Ike. Main point: "Do you think you will get [the aid of Socialist Britain and Scandinavia] in the defense of Western Europe or of the world by the kind of blanket affirmation that you made . . .?"

In France, a U.S. sailor, lunching with a shipmate at **Juan-les-Pins'** chic Municipal Casino, bet his buddy a dollar that the slim woman under the huge hat at a nearby table was **Greta Garbo**. The head-waiter relayed Greta's denial: "Sorry, the name is Brooks."

Tossed out on a Greenwich Village sidewalk with his belongings and young wife for being two months behind on his \$42.50-a-month rent, **Maxwell Bodenheim**, 61, eccentric poet-novelist of the '20s (*Replenishing Jessica, Naked on Roller Skates*), was in need of a friend. New York City's Welfare Department, said Max, had let him down by assuring him that the rent would be paid.

All in a Day's Work

In honor of his 31st birthday, the **Duke of Edinburgh** got his first royal salute: 41 guns in Hyde Park at noon, topped by 62 salvos an hour later.

In Havana, where he is riding high with the Batista government and trying his hand as an all-round entrepreneur (cellulose fiber, drugs, a drive-in theater), **Elliott Roosevelt** admitted that he had asked for permission to put one more iron in the fire. Elliott's \$1,600,000 proposal: erection of four disposal plants to convert Havana's garbage into fertilizer.

In Liège for the first time since he ascended Belgium's throne, young (31) **King Baudouin** was welcomed by thousands of his cheering subjects. But when two little girls asked him for his autograph, His Majesty stiffened. "I can't," said he firmly. "I must not create a precedent."

Denmark's robust, tattooed **King Frederick IX** yielded to an impulse. Upon his return to the palace after one of his regular swims at Copenhagen's State High School for Physical Education, His Majesty calmly announced to his family: "For a long time I have had the most ardent desire to push the bath attendant into the pool. Today I did push him in."

PERSONALITY

THE unremarked phenomenon of Herbert Hoover is that he has been so long out of a regular job and has kept himself so busy. It is 19 years since he became, at 58, that white elephant of American politics, an ex-President (the only living one). Most recently he has been living and working in the tower of Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, mainly putting together the notes which he has jotted down during ocean voyages and waits in railway and air terminals. The notes are his recollections of 70-odd years—his memoirs, his convictions and his self-vindication. He has finished three volumes and has started a fourth. He writes in pencil, doing a good deal of crossing out and writing over, sitting at a large desk from which, by stretching, he can look down 31 stories on the disordered world.

Hoover's basic convictions have not changed, although they have suffered many interpretations. His enemies attack him as a hopeless reactionary. ("That old cuss word 'reactionary,'" he notes.) His friends see him as a last hope of sensible liberalism. He is a large, white-haired man, who appears to be a little disconsolate in the company of strangers. His voice is low and husky, and as he talks, he abstractedly fingers a couple of worn coins. As on an old coin, the familiar face has grown a little indistinct. Heavily framed spectacles sometimes slip down to the end of the short nose; around the turned-down mouth, the once plump bull-terrier cheeks now sag mastiff-like.

Hoover is an orderly man. At the bottom of him is his Quakerism. Not all reformers look like Mahatma Gandhi. Some reformers, of a statistical turn of mind, look like Herbert Hoover. The Indian and the engineer once met. Hoover was pleased to discover that each carried the same make of cheap watch (Gandhi's was pinned to his loincloth). "A mark of our common humility," said Hoover. The urge to straighten things out, shared by Gandhi, is what has kept Hoover so busily at work.

IN the past 16 years, the ex-president has delivered more than 50 carefully considered, formal lectures to his fellow countrymen. But he has not limited himself to exhortation. He has thrown himself into many worthy projects: into programs of relief for the hungry; into studies of such topics as revolution, war & peace, and the chaos in the executive departments of the U.S. Government (from this last, he produced the monumental Hoover Commission Report); into organizations like the Boys' Clubs and the Salvation Army, in which he takes his participation very seriously. A friend remembers him, travelling west by train one day, getting a wire from the Salvation Army which urged him to buy a doughnut in the Army's doughnut campaign. Hoover promptly wired back: "I will buy a doughnut."

He is not a complex character, but there is another Hoover—a man of deep personal attachments and sense of family, a quietly prideful grandfather, a gentle sentimentalist. Although it is a private matter which only his intimates know about, he has supported, sometimes for long periods, numerous college classmates, old associates and relatives down on their luck. One of the great facts of Hoover's life was his devotion to his wife, who died in 1944. To Lou Henry Hoover he has dedicated one room of the Hoover Library at Stanford University, and there he has assembled a small collection of the things which she once treasured: lace presented to her when he was working on Belgian relief, old Spanish silver, blue and white porcelain. In the dusty antique shops under Manhattan's Third Avenue El, Hoover is a familiar figure today, hunting around for more blue and white porcelain. He cherishes recollections of his Iowa boyhood which suggest some un-Hooverish pictures. "There was

Cook's Hill," he writes from his notes. "That was a great long hill where on winter's nights we slid down at terrific pace with our tummies tight to homemade sleds."

Herbert Hoover, who made himself a successful mining engineer before he went into public life, is nowhere near being the extraordinarily wealthy man that he might have been if he had returned to his profession. He did not take any pay as Food Administrator, and as Secretary of Commerce and President he used his salary for charities and to pay for extra office personnel. He never discusses money (only world monetary situations).

AGE does not trouble him. Like money, age is something he does not talk about. He is a robust man who gets along with little exercise outside of his fishing trips. He is still the simon-pure angler who never quite got over his horror that Calvin Coolidge fished with worms.

Occasionally he is plagued with wakefulness. Then he listens to the radio beside his bed. "I'm getting to be an expert on the *Milkman's Matinee*," he says. He grudgingly wears a hearing aid, bolts his food, and smokes recklessly. (He prefers his own brand of cigars, and when he is out to dinner and cigars are passed, politely takes one, pockets it, and cunningly extracts one of his own.) The man who upheld Prohibition as his stern executive duty now drinks two Martinis before dinner. He relaxes in the evening by preoccupiedly playing gin rummy or canasta with some of his group of loyal friends.

The Hoover inner circle, mostly old-guard Republicans, call him "the Chief" and surround him with veneration. Over powwows in his living room, the Chief presides with avuncular dignity. He does not monopolize the conversation but he dominates it, and when he speaks, no one interrupts him. No one slaps the Chief on the back, and no one tells him risqué stories. The Chief's own humor is intellectual. He rarely laughs. He twinkles.

To his Waldorf suite comes a steady stream of callers, including Republican Congressmen and foreign officials. He spends part of every day with these visitors, assiduously pumping them. He is one of the best-informed private citizens in the U.S.

The suite is his haven and his watchtower. From the wall of the imposing living room, a portrait of Lou Henry Hoover gazes down on her husband's pipes, his blue and white porcelain and his solemn books. Three women secretaries wait on him. He seldom dictates answers to his mountainous correspondence, merely pencils a line across a letter which gives the cue as to what he wants the answer to be. He recently got a postcard which carried the arresting note: "Watch for a message which will change the face of the world." Hoover scribbled on it: "Watch for this."

WITH an economist, Dr. Arthur Kemp, he tracks down facts which will support his periodic lectures to the country. With such facts, as he interpreted them, he launched his speech last year on foreign policy, opening the Great Debate. This year he delivered the same exhortation again. One of the greatest dangers to free men everywhere, he says, is the overstraining of the U.S. economy. He begs for a reassessment of present U.S. policy in Europe. He raises instead the concept of a Gibraltar of freedom in the Western Hemisphere. He denies that this is "isolation"; the word is a "smear" used to squelch debate, he says. He deplores such clichés, "which freeze thought."

Hoover spent a few bitter and silent years after the country discarded him. Few people cared whether he had anything to say or not. Now a large number of people think he is right, so that even those who disagree with him listen to him with uneasy attention. He is an embarrassing old man who cannot be squelched. At 77, the Chief says invincibly: "They're not going to shut me up."



HERBERT HOOVER

THE STORY OF BOSTON'S FAMED *Parker House*

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Choice plum in New England's historical pudding is Boston's famed Parker House, itself a tradition and integral part of New England's life. Situated in the heart of the Hub, opposite renowned King's Chapel and only a short walk from the gold-domed State House, the Parker House can boast of having fed and sheltered in its 95-year history many a road-weary traveler, many a celebrity. Although the Parker House today is a new and completely modern building, its old associations still linger, give the hotel a mellowness and charm rarely encountered in a metropolitan hostelry. Ideal headquarters for a few days of browsing around Boston, it offers excellent accommodations*, superior service, grand "wittles".

With indications that 1952 will bring millions of tourists to Boston and New England the Parker House again plans to send without charge its popular brochure "Boston is a Browsing Town" to those who request it. It is a colorful guide to Boston's multitude of historic shrines and points of interest. As long as the supply lasts, copies will cheerfully be sent to anyone writing name and address on a postal card and mailing it to the Parker House, Boston 7, Massachusetts.

*Rooms begin at \$5.00. All have circulating ice-water, private bath, 4-network radio. It is suggested that when possible guests make reservations in advance.

Parker House
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THE PRESS

Nuisance Value

Bertie McCormick's isolationist Chicago *Tribune* usually has no more use for the *Christian Science Monitor* than it does for any other global-minded U.S. newspaper. But last week the *Trib* found something in the *Monitor* that it endorsed 100%.

Monitor Correspondent Joseph C. Harsch had reported from Paris that the *Trib* was a "special asset" to the Administration for its "nuisance value." U.S. diplomats negotiating at European conference tables, he said, could always turn down a proposal with the explanation that "Congress wouldn't stand for it," or the "*Tribune* would butcher us over that one." Wrote Harsch: "Considering the less than affectionate attitude which has long characterized relations between the State Department [and the *Trib*], it may come as something of a surprise to readers to learn that the *Trib* was regarded by American diplomats . . . as one of their major assets, second only to Congress itself, as a bargaining weapon."

The *Trib*, delighted with Harsch's backhanded compliment, nevertheless could not resist an improved version for its readers. Said a *Trib* editorial last week: "From what Mr. Harsch has written, it is clear that, dangerous and costly as the Acheson policies have been, they would have been a great deal more dangerous and a great deal more costly except for the Administration's fear of *The Tribune* . . . We have [Harsch's] well-informed word for it that *The Tribune* is the only newspaper in the United States with the strength, the vigor, and the purpose always to serve the American cause at whatever the risk."

A Red Victory?

Since the start of the cold war, the U.S. has had only two direct ways of spreading its ideas in Russia: through the Voice of America and a handsome, LIFE-sized, slick-paper magazine called *Amerika*. The Russians can often jam out the Voice, but they have never been able to down *Amerika*, published by the State Department. Nobody knows how effective the magazine really is, but from the amount of space devoted to attacking it in the Russian press, State concludes that it is being read and discussed. Another measure of *Amerika's* strength is that the Russians, who are bound to admit the magazine under a 1944 agreement, have been trying to kill it off by cutting down its permitted circulation from the 50,000 agreed on.

Last week the State Department faced up to the fact that *Amerika* is down to 15,000 or perhaps less. With the Reds still whittling away at *Amerika's* distribution, State had to decide about *Amerika's* future. It could either 1) keep publishing the magazine on a reduced circulation, or 2) try to induce the Russians to live up to their agreement.

"Colossal Stupidity." The State Department is apparently in no mood to fight for its magazine. Even before it knew what the Reds would say to a renewed demand that 50,000 copies of *Amerika* be distributed, it was slowly killing off its magazine branch by what one U.S. propaganda specialist called a "piece of colossal stupidity." In March, it ordered *Amerika's* editor, Mrs. Marion Sanders, to move her staff from New York to Washington to give the State Department closer control of the magazine and save money.

Actually, Editor Sanders, 46, had run the branch so thriftily that she not only kept the staff at 75 (authorized: 96), but the cost of *Amerika* (\$150,000 last year) was well below the magazine's authorized



EDITOR SANDERS
A slow death.

budget of \$300,000. She also launched other projects, including Yugoslav and Arabic editions of *Amerika* and a new magazine, *Free World*, now published in eleven languages in southeast Asia, plus propaganda comic books and numerous pamphlets.

Mass Resignations. Editor Sanders resisted the move to the capital. She argued that the magazines could not be published as well or as cheaply in Washington, since Manhattan is the national publishing center. Furthermore, most of the publication's experienced staff did not want to move. When State insisted, Editor Sanders and 64 others turned in their resignations. Said her resignation: "We note with particular misgiving the tendency to eliminate publications of proven worth." She asked for a hearing before the U.S. Advisory Commission on Information to point out that the move would mean the end of a program the Government had spent millions developing, and

this is our country...



... he doesn't ride the 5:15

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SOCRATES ON THE GOOD OF MAN

*I do nothing but go about persuading you all,
old and young alike,
not to take thought for your persons or your properties,
but first and chiefly
to care about the greatest improvement of the soul.
I tell you that virtue does not come from money,
but that from virtue comes money
and every other good of man,
public as well as private.*

(from Plato's *Apology*)



which had a proven propaganda worth. But it looks as if *Amerika* will die, thus accomplishing by State's bumbling what the Russians have failed to do.

St. Friskin's Day

Arthur Krock, Washington bureau chief for the *New York Times*, ordinarily does not attempt lighthearted satire, much less write in iambic pentameter. But last week Krock tried both. Occasion: such Taft tactics as the attempt of his supporters to lure Texas delegates for Eisenhower on grounds they are really Democrats and "to discourage Democrats who are ready for political conversion." Krock prepared for keynoter MacArthur "In Metrical Praise of a Steamroller," a parody of Henry V's speech to his outnumbered followers (Shakespeare's *Henry V*, Act IV) before their victory at Agincourt on St. Crispin's Day in 1415.

*No, delegates. If we are marked to lose
We are enough to do our party-lose.
Winning, then let us win without ad-
mixture.*

*Without political miscegenation
The weaker sex, then use the mate exclu-
sive.*

*I pray thee, tempt no Democrats to
join us.*

*Rather, proclaim throughout our party's
ranks:*

*That him who could get Democratic
votes,*

*Let him depart. See to it, O Credentials!
Give him the ham's rash, sans-expenses.
Yon that outlive this day and come
safe home*

*Will stand a-typer when this day is
named.*

*Which I declare to be St. Friskin's Day
In honor of the thing we plan to do.
That merely is to trisk the Eisenhowerers
For anything they have we need to*

win.
*Old men forget, but this he won't
forget:*

*And he'll remember with advantages
The doings of this day. Then shall our
names*

*Come proudly from his mouth as house-
hold words—*

*Ingalls the Dave, Zwerfel and Hulla-
nan,*

*Coleman the Tom and Carroll Reece
and ME—*

*Be in the glorious tale freshly remem-
bered.*

*And this St. Friskin's Day shall ne'er
go by*

*From this hour to the ending of the
world.*

*But we in it shall be remembered,
We, few, few exclusive few, we band of
brothers.*

*And frightened neutrals hidine under
locks.*

*Shall mourn in vain the fact they were
not here;*

*And silence keep while one of us may
speak.*

*Who lost another national election
For deeds we did on this St. Friskin's
Day.*

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Lazy Man's Festival

Gioacchino Antonio Rossini (1792-1868), an ebullient, easygoing man, wrote 10 operas, and stopped at the age of 37 with the explanation that he was "too lazy" to compose any more. Because his operas have a reputation for being hopelessly old-fashioned, and because most of them are excruciatingly difficult for modern singers, little but his bubbling *Barber of Seville* and the galloping overture to *William Tell** get much of a hearing today. But last week Florence's Maggio (May) Musicale ended a cycle of six Rossini operas in as many weeks, won bravos from audiences and critics.

Director Francesco Siciliani had combed through the composer's entire output to

nearly impossible high notes, and before long had the hypercritical Italian audience jeering. Said a theater official, mopping his neck between acts "There is always an atmosphere of the battlefield about our performances, but this is the most ferocious audience I have seen in 30 years."

Two nights later, at a second performance, Tenor Baum redeemed himself magnificently. Extra police were in the balcony to keep Florentines from violence if he sluffed again. The big test was the fourth act, where the tenor has an aria lasting ten minutes and running the entire tenor scale. As Baum began to climb to the high notes, the usually noisy galleries were quiet as mice. When he got to the stratospheric climax and crashed



"WILLIAM TELL" AT FLORENCE (BASSO ROSSI-LEMEI WITH CROSSBOW)
Before the apple, a rhubarb.

find six representative operas. He chose *Armida* (composed in 1817), *Il Conte Ory* (1828), *Tancredi* (1813), *La Scala di Seta* (1812), *La Pietra del Paragon* (1812) and *William Tell* (1829). Florence critics relished all of them, singled out the "scenic and choreographic spectacle" of *Armida*, hailed *Ory* as the "first musical comedy of the 19th century," called *La Pietra* "second only to *The Barber of Seville*." But the lid came off for *Tell*.

Basso Nicola Rossi-Lemeni had the biggest personal triumph, mesmerized the audience with his singing and acting as the Swiss hero: when he fired his crossbow and the apple on his son's head split with a stage-trick snap, there was a loud and relieved cheer.

The only casualty was Tenor Kurt Baum of the Metropolitan Opera, who sang the young lover Arnoldo; on *Tell*'s opening night, his voice cracked on some

out the finish, the audience applauded its hands raw, cheered itself hoarse. Tenor Baum grinned like a schoolboy.

Conductor Tullio Serafin was pretty pleased too: Rossini might be difficult, but he was worth the difficulty. Said Serafin: "Rossini is the billionaire of musical ideas."

Lennie's Brainchildren

At 33, Leonard Bernstein is the most versatile professional music maker in the U.S.; wrapped up in his ingratiating person as a conductor, pianist, composer, librettist, lecturer and festivalist. A year ago it crossed his mind, not for the first time, that he was too versatile for his own good; he announced that he would retire from public life to catch up on his composing. Last week, at Brandeis University's first Festival of the Creative Arts in Waltham, Mass., Lennie Bernstein husked the fruit of his year's work, a "little opera" called *Trouble in Tahiti*.

The 35-minute composition began with a spine-tingling run on the clarinet,

* For decades the "classical" selection on outdoor band concerts in the U.S. it now furnishes the musical signature of radio's *Lone Ranger*.

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launched into a satire of suburban domestic strife with a jazzy Greek chorus, pantomime action and modern musical effects. Lennie's libretto, in which his unhappily married couple climaxed a day of frustration by going to an escapist movie, was a little too real to be funny. One listener summed it up: "It didn't take Bernstein to show that they were mismatched."

Breakneck Speed. As composer, Bernstein made an imaginative stab at welding popular music into artistic form, succeeded in producing some moments of brilliance. The jazzy tone was appealing, but the effect was so disjointed that the opera seemed like a study for another Broadway success like Lennie's own *On the Town* (Time, Jan. 8, 1945). New York Times Critic Howard Taubman suspected that



James P. Doyle
COMPOSER BERNSTEIN
Who is he?

Trouble in Tahiti was written at "breakneck speed," came away with the impression that it "could and should have been much better." A larger audience will have a chance to judge for itself: NBC will produce it on TV next season.

Out of the year he had allotted himself, Lennie was able to devote only about two months to composition. He left his composing hideaway in Mexico to rush to Conductor Serge Koussevitzky's deathbed last summer, then agreed to conduct at Tanglewood and teach in Koussevitzky's place at the Berkshire Music Center. Lennie also substituted for Charles Munch as conductor of the Boston Symphony when Munch fell ill last winter. And he accepted a new double assignment: professor of music and director of the school of creative arts at Brandeis.

Four-Day Whirl. In Brandeis' canvas-topped amphitheater, he whirled through four days & nights of conducting (his own



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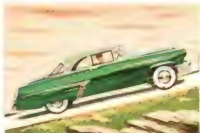
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opera. Marc Blitzstein's new English adaptation of Kurt Weill's *Three-Penny Opera*, a dance work and a symphony concert) and leading discussions on theater, films, jazz and the relation of music to society ("Do we really need or want" the concert hall in the U.S.?).

When it was all over, Lennie Bernstein had scored a personal success, but his own problem remained to be solved: he was as determined as ever to take a year off for composing, but he cannot start until he finishes out the summer at Tanglewood. "Sometimes," he said, reflecting on his multiple career, "I wonder who I am."

Japan Catches It

Helen Traubel was warned before she went to Japan that the Japanese prefer instrumentalists to vocalists. Moreover, they could hardly be expected to understand the words of her Wagner and spirit-



Courtesy of Asahi Shimbun
SOPRANO TRAUBEL & ADMIRERS
Just like Di Maggio.

uals. But husky Soprano Traubel had full confidence in the effect of her big voice. An old baseball buff,* she answered that she would throw her voice "like Di Maggio throws a ball," and she was sure that the Japanese would "catch it." In 26 concerts in a dozen cities, Soprano Traubel had the Japanese holding every note.

"Miss Traubel's wonderful voice," one critic wrote, "has helped to heal the wounds of seven unpleasant years." In Tokyo, Crown Prince Akihito attended, asked for the Brahms *Lullaby* and got it. In Osaka, a Japanese opera singer rushed up to thank her, announced with invincible Japanese courtesy: "Now I know what singing is. Hereafter I shall devote my time to painting." The Traubel personality got across too. Glowed a delighted Japanese woman: "She is so big and broad. It was such a wonderful sight."

* And a stockholder in the hapless St. Louis Browns (see SPORT).

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SCIENCE

Jungle Boys

To the oil companies of northwestern Colombia, the Motilon Indians of the jungle-tangled mountains are an industrial hazard. The Mitiones (mo-tee-loan-es) ambush trucks, shoot 6-ft. arrows through the oilmen's tents—and sometimes through the oilmen. What is worse, they give the oilworkers' union a hard-to-answer argument for extra hazard pay.

But ethnologists cherish the Mitiones as an unexploited treasure. They are one of the few remaining Indian groups in South America untouched by the white man's influence. Airplanes fly over their country and photograph their clearings, but that is about as close as anyone gets to the Mitiones. Attempts to conciliate



MOTILON INDIAN CAPTIVE.
The gesture was familiar.

them, or even to talk with them, are met with flights of arrows out of the jungle. Their customs, language and religion remain a mystery. Presumably they have not changed since pre-Spanish times.

Two Little Indians. Last week Colombia's National Ethnological Institute had new hope of getting to know the Mitiones. A nine-year-old Motilon boy recently led a settler near Petrolia to a hut in the jungle. In it were two dead Indians and a 15-year-old boy who was almost dead. The nine-year-old and 15-year-old were taken to the hospital of the Colombian Petroleum Co. While they were being nursed back to strength. Ethnologists Jean Caudmont and Francisco Vélez Arango of Bogotá hurried to Petrolia.

The Indian boys were kept in a room with barred windows, and the younger and healthier one kicked, bit, hit and spat at every visitor. The older boy, who eventually recovered, was slightly more tractable, but for a while the little Indians slept

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AN ILL WIND *it came up out of the Gulf and blew Andy Worth some good*

THE DAY had promised to be fair, but now the wind was shifting to the northeast under a darkening sky and whipping the water into white-capped waves that splattered against the *Cora's* hull as she lay at anchor off the Cape.

Bob Martin tossed his line over the side and said, "How does it look to you, Andy?" He'd come out for a day's fishing on Andrew Worth's old cabin cruiser—and was depending on his friend's judgment as to the weather and the seaworthiness of his craft.

Andy looked at the sky and shrugged. "It may blow over. May even help us get a couple of fish, for a change."

Bob pulled in his line and grimaced at the bare hook. "Ever get caught in a real rough storm?"

"A couple of times. If this one gets much worse we'll go back. Got caught in a night's bad one out here some five or six years ago. Engine went dead on the way home, and *Cora* landed on the reef over there past the tip of the Cape. Had to hang on all night until a cutter finally

came up and pulled us off next morning."

Andy looked at the breakers piling over the reef off in the distance. "Kind of scared me, there, for a while. Couldn't see a light anywhere, and the waves kept pounding against old *Cora* so she was like to come to pieces. Then around the middle of the night it suddenly occurred to me that *dying* wasn't what I was afraid of. You figure you've got that coming to you sooner or later anyway. What worried me most of all was what would happen to the family in case I *did* die. I kept thinking about all the things I'd planned on doing for them—things I could have done and should have done—that I just hadn't gotten around to doing. Know what I mean?"

Bob Martin nodded and said, "Yes, I guess I do." He stared thoughtfully at the white-crested waves for a minute and then said, "Exactly when did you say that happened, Andy?"

"Fall of '46. Maybe you remember that storm. It came up out of the Gulf and . . ."

"Yes, and I seem to remember something else, too. Wasn't it in the fall of '46 that

you came around to my office one day? And wasn't that the time you said you had finally decided to complete that Planned Security program I'd worked out for you at least two years before that? And did that night on the boat have anything to do with your taking out that extra New York Life policy I'd talked to you about?"

Andy Worth grinned a little sheepishly and said, "To tell the truth, Bob, it had everything to do with it. I never said anything to you about it before because, well . . ."

Bob Martin laughed. "I know. Because you thought that maybe I'd say, 'See? That's just what I've been trying to tell you right along!'"

"Yes, something like that . . ."

Bob shook his head and said, "No, Andy, but I must admit that I might have been sorely tempted to say something trite about an ill wind having blown you some good!"

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Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.



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one at a time, while the other kept watch. Bit by bit they were both introduced to clothes and taken on guarded walks through their native jungle.

180 Words. Learning their language has been a slow process. The boys would not cooperate, but Vêlez and Caudmont eavesdropped on their conversation and jotted down the phonetic elements that form their speech. Then they began to catch whole words and could give meanings to some of them. Now they have a list of 180 words, many of which seem to be related to the language of the fierce Caribs[®] who lived in the Lesser Antilles. Some of the boys' gestures, familiar to ethnologists, suggest that the Motilones may practice human sacrifice.

Eventually, the ethnologists hope either to teach Spanish to the jungle boys or to learn the Motilon language. Then they will try to find out from the boys why their people wage continual war against all outsiders. The cause may prove to be something that fair treatment will eliminate. By the end of this year, they hope, they can take their young interpreters, friends by that time, into Motilon territory and convince the rest of the Indians that war is no longer necessary.

Tunnel on the Moon

As a leading authority on the Arizona meteorite crater, Dr. Harvey H. Nininger is naturally interested in the moon, whose face has apparently been pocked by thousands of flying meteorites. In the current *Sky and Telescope*, Nininger speculates that one large meteorite may have blasted a tunnel through one of the moon's ridges.

Most experts believe, says Nininger, that the moon is covered with a thick blanket of meteoritic material, chips knocked off lunar rocks and other loose stuff. There is no water to help cement the fragments together, and the moon's gravitation is feeble. Pulverized lunar rock, he says, would weigh on the moon less than pine sawdust weighs on earth. He thinks there may be a considerable depth of this light debris on some parts of the moon.

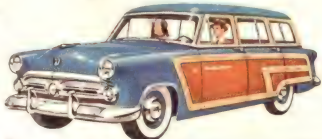
Then Nininger points out a peculiar pair of lunar pockmarks named Messier and W. H. Pickering. They lie on either side of a ridge running across the moon's Mare Foecunditatis. Both were formed, he thinks, when a large meteorite hit the ridge at a very small angle. Its speed carried it through the loose material and down to the solid rock below the peak of the ridge. Then it bounced up like a ball and tore into the open, leaving a tunnel. The inside of the tunnel may be lined with a casing of glassy once-molten rock which solidified quickly enough to keep the moon's gravitation from collapsing the tunnel.

If rocket-borne explorers from the earth ever land on the moon, Nininger suggests, they may be grateful for his tunnel. It will give them valuable shelter from small meteorites and other annoying hazards of the moon's airless surface.

[®] From whose early name, Caribales, the word cannibal is derived.



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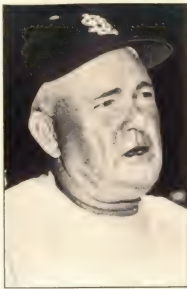
New Champion

After two rounds of the U.S. Open golf championship last week, the sportswriters, and most of the competitors, conceded the title to Ben Hogan, who was running grimly for his third straight after his miraculous comeback. Hogan had pounded out a pair of one-under-par 69s, back to back. Going into the final two rounds Hogan seemed to have it cinched.

But golf's precision machine, two months short of 40, slipped a cog in the blistering (96°) Texas heat in the third round, wound up with a 74. While the crowd was following the big names, a swarthy, burly (5 ft. 11 in., 200 lb.) player named Julius Boros, an ex-boxer who smacks a golf ball with punching-bag precision, slipped around Dallas' Northwood course almost unnoticed. Not until he posted his third-round 68, equaling the best of the tournament, did the crowd wake up to the fact that he led Hogan, by two strokes.

Hogan, always a fast finisher, was in his favorite role as a pursuer. Boros teed off first for the final round, played with a cool nonchalance that amazed the gallery. Chomping blades of grass, swigging Cokes, making shots with a cigarette dangling from his lips, the former Connecticut amateur constantly extricated himself from trouble. Gapsed one sweating spectator: "He looks cooler than the gallery."

Boros scrambled to a 71 in the final round, then sat back to see what Ben Hogan could do about it. Hogan, drained and grim-faced, could do no better than another 74, for third place, a stroke be-



EX-MANAGER HORNSBY
An odd coincidence.

hind Porky Oliver. Boros, a pro for only 2½ years, was the new champion. His 281 whipped Oliver by four strokes.

Professional at the Mid-Pines Club in Southern Pines (N.C.), Boros, 32, had never won a major tournament, last year was 14th in tournament money winnings with \$4,697. But in his first Open (1950), he placed ninth behind Hogan. Last year, improving steadily, he was fourth. Boros now faces an ironic situation. Unless the Professional Golfers' Association waives its five-year eligibility rulings, U.S. Open Champion Boros will not be allowed to play in this week's P.G.A. tournament.

Rajah Deposed

Rogers Hornsby, one of baseball's all-time greats, is a hard man to live and work with. A Hall of Fame player, big easy-moving Second Baseman Hornsby piled up a lifetime batting average for 23 seasons of .358, topped only by Ty Cobb's .367. But as a manager, Hornsby has achieved less continuity. He was fired as manager of the Cardinals in 1926 after bringing St. Louis its first pennant (and world championship) in 50 years. He was fired as Chicago Cubs manager in 1932 by Bill Veeck Sr. He was fired again in 1937 as manager of the St. Louis Browns. Last week Bill Veeck Jr. fired the Rajah once more from the Browns.

Hornsby earned his second job with the Browns by managing Beaumont to the Texas League pennant in 1950. Seattle to the Pacific Coast League pennant in 1951. When he took over management of the Browns this spring, he insisted on an understanding: he would stand for no tactical interference from Owner Veeck, whose fondness for Barnum & Bailey attendance tricks (midnets, fireworks, jitter-burgers) goes against Hornsby's rough-hewn grain. All through spring training,

Hornsby drove his players ruthlessly, trying to instill a little of his own spark into the lackluster group. Impatient with imperfection, he bawled them out repeatedly and publicly. Off the field, crusty Manager Hornsby had little to do with his players. "I know of only one way of running a ball club. That's to drive it," he said. "I never did get chummy with players and I never will."

Hornsby's drive paid off for a while, and the Browns led the American League. But last week the Browns were back on their annual slide to the cellar and already in seventh place. Owner Veeck, admitting his mistake, fired unpopular, hard-driving Hornsby and replaced him with Marty ("Mr. Shortstop") Marion, who was fired last year as the St. Louis Cardinals manager because he did not have enough "drive."

Hornsby's firing would have been routine except for a loving cup, supposedly presented to Veeck by a group of disgruntled players. Inscribed on the cup: "To Bill Veeck for the greatest play since the Emancipation Proclamation, June 10, 1952. From the players of the St. Louis Browns." The cup, by an odd coincidence was engraved and ready to be presented shortly after Hornsby was fired. Few believed that the players thought up this tawdry stunt. If the Browns' front office conceived it, publicity-hungry Bill Veeck had bitten off a large chunk of unfavorable press notices.

Little Lefthander

To a baseball scout, the ideal pitcher is a rangy, muscular six-footer who can rear back and burn the ball across the plate all afternoon. Such a man was Lefty ("Old Mose") Grove (6 ft. 1½ in., 170 lbs.), the



GOLFER BOROS
An ironic position.



PITCHER SHANTZ
A sudden blossoming.

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pitcher who in 1931 won 31 games (four losses) for the Philadelphia Athletics. When the Athletics' Scout Ira Thomas, still in search of a new-day Grove, took a look at stocky (5 ft. 7 in., 143 lbs.) Bobby Shantz, he echoed other scouting reports on the little lefthander: "The general opinion is that Shantz is too small." But, added the baffled scout: "You can't discount the fact that despite his size, he beats everyone."

Last week, in his fourth year as a major leaguer (and only his fifth in organized baseball), "Jumbo" Shantz was still beating everyone. He was the first pitcher in either league to win eleven games (one loss). Off and running at a faster clip than Grove's fabulous 1931 pace, blond, blue-eyed Bobby Shantz, 26, is getting the ultimate compliment from buzzing Philadelphia fans: "As good as Grove." On the early season record, he is better: in six of his victories he allowed only one run or less; his earned-run average is an impressive 1.72.

Sensational Debut. Son of a Pottstown (Pa.) semi-pro player, Southpaw Shantz was first noticed, at 19, in Philadelphia's semi-pro Quaker City League, where he was a 9-1 pitcher and batted .485, playing center field in his off-pitching days. That was in 1944. He spent the next two seasons in the Army. Back in the Quaker City League in 1947, he improved his pitching (14-0), his batting (up to .497) and kept busy on weekends by pitching another team, Souderton, to the Eastern Penn League championship with eight more victories.

The A's, finally convinced, signed the little lefthander to pitch the 1948 season for Lincoln (Neb.) in the Class A Western League, brought him up to the majors the next year. Injuries to two regular Philadelphia pitchers gave Shantz his first chance. He made the most of it with the most sensational pitching debut in the history of the major leagues. Coming in as a reliever, he pitched a full nine innings of no-hit ball, beat the Detroit Tigers 5-4 in 13 innings.

Fifth Infielder. Despite his start, Shantz finished the 1949 season with a 6-8 record. Next year he was 8-14. For the first half of last year he was still only 8-20 (8-8). Then he suddenly blossomed, won ten of his next twelve games, and was the American League's most effective pitcher for the last half of the 1951 season.

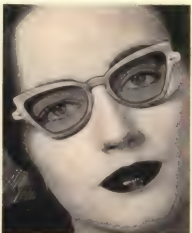
Besides his pinpoint control, sweeping curve and baffling knuckler, Shantz has a sneaky fast ball that draws "ohs" and "ahs" from the fans whenever he lets it go. Old (80) Connie Mack, who has seen them all, calls him "the greatest fielding pitcher I ever saw." As a major leaguer, Shantz has allowed only two bunts to become hits. Says Manager Jimmy Dykes: "Anyone who bunts against Shantz is nuts. Bobby comes off that mound like a cat at a mousehole. When he's pitching we have five infielders." Dykes's one "complaint" about his little lefthander is made with a wide grin: "The only trouble with Shantz is his frailness. He can't pitch every day."

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Coppi's Comeback

Italy's Joe DiMaggio is a lean (5 ft. 11 in., 136 lbs.), hawk-nosed bicycle racer named Fausto Coppi. In 1949 Coppi won bicycling's two biggest races, the *Tour de France* and the *Giro d'Italia*, and was acclaimed "the greatest rider of all time." But the 1950 season was one disaster after another, including a broken collarbone and a cracked pelvis suffered in bike crashes. Last year Fausto tried a comeback. He suffered, instead, a tremendous setback when he saw his younger brother, Serse, killed in a spill.

"I am through," grieved Coppi. Then, in a dramatic scene before his brother's grave, Coppi announced that he would compete in the *Tour de France*. He finished tenth, and it seemed that the great Coppi, then 31, was indeed through.

Last week Coppi wound up another comeback try in the *Giro d'Italia*, a



© Publinter

Cyclist Coppi
Flowers for the king.

tough, 2,500-mile course, whose 20 laps, raced in 20 days, run over the steep, curling roads of the Alps and Apennines. On the lap from Rome to Rocca di Papa, all uphill, Coppi, his legs pumping like pistons, spurred from eighth to second place. From then on, Coppi's fervent fans hysterically paved his way with flowers, sloshed buckets of water on their sweating idol, painted slogans along the route ("Fausto, you are the only king left to us!").

Coppi responded to the adulation with such unbeatable sprints that, two days before the race was over, some of the spectators were complaining that Coppi spoiled the suspense. But his delirious fans waited six hours at the Milan finish line last week to welcome their comeback hero, who took down the 1,000,000-lire (\$1,600) first prize, plus 285,000 lire in bonuses for lap leads. What was more, Coppi set a new *Giro d'Italia* speed record: 24.6 kilometers an hour (21.6 m.p.h.).

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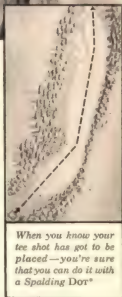
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DETAIL FROM "ANCIENT HUNT"

He never listened to father.



BUTTINI SELF-PORTRAIT

Paolo & His Pen

Paolo Buttin is a 19-year-old Italian with a sure hand and a consuming desire to be a great artist. His first big exhibit in Milan three years ago drew record crowds and won wholehearted praise from Italy's usually wary critics. Wrote Leonardo Borgese in the respected *Corriere della Sera*: "Buttin is no fake. If he has any fault, it is that of being too good." Last week, with 14 of his pen & ink drawings on show at Manhattan's Grand Central Palace, U.S. gallerygoers could understand the enthusiasm.

It was a striking exhibit for a 19-year-old. Paolo's muscular sketches showed a smooth, well-developed style and a precise eye for detail. His best were natural subjects he saw at the zoo or the family farm: a furry, tongue-licking anteater, a nursing calf, a spiny crawfish. In others, he had let his imagination roam turned out such things as a ferocious sparrow, as seen from the eye of its prey, a beetle, a fantastic, cross-eyed cat, a panorama called *Ancient Hunt*, showing naked horsemen chasing terrified animals. His sponsors reported that 85,000 people have stopped to look at Paolo's work in two weeks, and a Texas millionaire was so impressed that he offered to sponsor an exhibit in Dallas.

Paolo would rather go home to Carrara and get back to work. The son of a successful sculptor whose wife's family owns some marble quarries, Paolo has been drawing since

he can remember. At five he was copying animals out of children's books, putting together weird composites, later ducked school to ramble around the countryside drawing whatever caught his fancy. He took no art lessons, shunned all advice. "He would never listen to me," says his father, Aldo Buttin. Instead, Paolo read

ART

art books and tramped through museums soaking up the masters' techniques.

For a while, when he was eleven, Paolo tried sculpture, turned out amazingly good busts of angelic children. But he soon tired of carving and went back to pen & ink drawings with single-minded attention. Outside art, his main pleasures are horseback riding and, latterly, whippetting around the Tuscan hills in a Fiat. Once during the war, Carrara was shelled and his family hid out for two months in a hillside cave. Paolo spent his time profitably, carving pictures on the walls, caveman style.

When he gets back to Carrara, Paolo Buttin plans to try a new medium. He thinks he is about ready to start working in oils. In about two years, Paolo thinks, "I will really have something to show people."

DELICATE CHALLENGES

Great Britain's, if not the world's, most elegant book of flower pictures is the *Temple of Flora*. First published in 1807, it brought fame and financial ruin to the man who conceived it. He was a well-heeled doctor named Robert Thornton, who spared no expense to make his book the most sumptuous of florilegia. He hired four obscure artists to paint the illustrations exactly as he wanted them, and then got some second-rate poets to apostrophize the plants in sticky verse. Now the London firm of William Collins has reissued the *Temple* (at \$55 a copy) with a new text to accompany the original flower paintings; four plates from the book are reproduced on the opposite page.

Thornton, whose botany was not so sharp as his sense of the picturesque, insisted that his artists give each flower a romantically appropriate setting: Dutch meadows for the tulips, mountain heights for the kalmia, a forbidding coast for the American cowslip, a gothic midnight for the night-blowing cereus. If the results have more period charm than truth-to-nature, it is partly because flowers are among the most difficult challenges a painter can pick. Flowers are delicate as eyelids, complex as blood vessels, vital as fire, and their colors make paint look muddy by comparison. Yet artists—an ambitious and often a vain lot—keep trying each summer to paint them.

Paintings in the Park

Boston's 108-acre Public Garden, where people go to stroll, look at the flowers, or take a turn around the pond on a swan boat, buzzed last week with one of the biggest crowds in its history. The occasion: a city-sponsored exhibit of nearly 300 New England painters and sculptors, with all Boston invited in for a look.

While a loudspeaker ripped out Mozart symphonies and Boccherini sextets and concessionaires did a brisk business in peanuts, long lines of Back Bay dowagers, soda jerks, businessmen andurchins filed through the five long exhibition tents to see



BOTANIST THORNTON'S "TULIPS"



"NARROW-LEAVED KALMIA"



"AMERICAN COWSLIP"



"NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS"

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what they could see. There was a handsome, windswept *Yacht Race* by old (85) Portraitist Charles Hopkinson, an expressionistic *Adoration of the Magi* by David Aronson, paintings by such artists as John Atherton, Gardner Cox, John Marin, George Grosz, And, from lesser lights there were rows of wild abstractions and novelties, e.g., a huge sculpture done in living moss festooned with geraniums, a "painting" composed of rusty hardware fastened on a golden background.

For the most part, Boston took in the show silently and thoughtfully, occasionally clucking at the stiff prices (up to \$7,500 for Sculptor Robert Laurent's bronze *Lot's Wife*). As usual, the crowd seemed to like the realism best, voted *Java Leopard*, a startling, almost photographic jungle scene, their favorite in the show. One advance-guard offering, a section of weathered wood decorated with horseshoe nails and bright paint, drew indignant snorts. "Pay \$350 for that piece of wood?" exclaimed a shopgirl. "I wouldn't have it in my house." "You can say that again," agreed her chum. Next to one garish green and red abstraction labeled *The Eye* (price: \$1,400) somebody hung a piece of rope with the tag, "*Humk of Rope*—\$4,000."

But despite the occasional snorts, Boston seemed to enjoy its mass view of the arts. In four days the show drew more than 150,000. Civic leaders were thinking of making it an annual event, inviting painting and sculpture from artists all over the world.

Change of Scene

Canada's Yousuf Karsh (TIME, Feb. 3, 1947) is perhaps the world's most celebrated portrait photographer. Visitors to his exhibit of camera work at M.I.T. last week found him dabbling in what is, for Karsh, a brand new subject: alongside his famous portraits of Winston Churchill, Eleanor Roosevelt and Bernard Shaw hung an impressive series of industrial photographs done with the master's usual flair for drama. In a steel plant and an auto factory, he had found workers posed like ballerinas around a slender ribbon of steel, had photographed paint sprayers conferring like brain surgeons, and had turned the molten metal slopping from a ladle into a flowing abstraction.

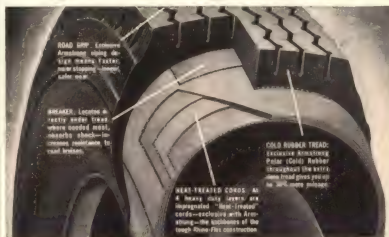
Karsh first tried his hand at industrial work two years ago when he was asked by Canada's Atlas Steels, Ltd. to illustrate the firm's annual report. He discovered that he had to spend two or three days planning his shots, but could never ask a worker for permission to take his picture until just a few minutes beforehand: "Otherwise they would wash up, slick down their hair, and look most unnatural." He needed dozens of flashes for some shots; on others used only the glow of hot steel. Karsh was fascinated, went back a second time, and now plans to take a few industrial assignments each year.

Says Karsh: "It's more of a challenge than portraiture. And it's refreshing to deal with these workers, after all the tact you must use with the famous."

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*Reader's Digest,
January, 1950.



**VICEROYS COST ONLY A PENNY PER PACK
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MEDICINE

Life in Philadelphia

When Patrolman George Mayne answered a call for police at a Philadelphia home a fortnight ago, he found Thomas Hughes, 22, sadly pointing to a newspaper-wrapped package on the kitchen table. In it, said Hughes, was the body of his premature baby daughter, stillborn an hour or two before.

Policeman Mayne sat down at the table and was starting to fill out a routine report when he heard a faint noise from the package. "The baby's alive," he said. "No," said the father, "that's just the table squeaking." Mayne put his ear to the package, then quickly ripped it open. The 2½-lb., six-month baby was alive all right, and was soon doing well in an incubator at the Albert Einstein Medical Center.

Mrs. Hughes had called in Dr. John L. Cionci when it seemed that she was about to have a miscarriage. He summoned an ambulance and obstetrician, but the baby was born before either arrived. Dr. Cionci twice examined the baby carefully and found no sign of life. The obstetrician also looked at her and thought she was dead. An hour passed before Patrolman Mayne came along.

Said Dr. Cionci last week: "It is possible that the motion of wrapping it in the newspaper, or maybe the warmth inside the paper, started it breathing."

Fat & Unhappy

Never before had the fat men & women of the U.S. received so much attention from doctors as they got last week at the annual meeting of the American Medical Association in Chicago. And none of it was flattering. Far from regarding the fatties as happy people, pleasant to have around, the doctors branded them as public-health problem No. 1 and cracked down hard on them. Said Philadelphia's Dr. Edward L. Bortz: "We're going to have to take off the kid gloves in dealing with people who are wallowing in their own grease."

One reason for the lively attention given to obesity is the fact that it can be cured here & now. Medical science does not have to wait for the answers; it is well established that overweight people can cure themselves by eating less. A second reason for the all-out attack on obesity: doctors are armed with more facts than ever to show how dangerous it is.

The Penalty Is Death. The man who passed most of the ammunition to the doctors was Louis I. Dublin, no physician but a Ph.D. and top statistician for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., who has been charting the lives and deaths of his fellow men for 40 years. Dr. Dublin and his assistants told visiting physicians (many of whom were toting too much weight around) what they have learned about health and disease in overweight subjects, and passed out sets of colored charts as reminders. The chief findings:

Between the ages of 20 and 64, over-



DR. FISHBEIN
Eat less.

weight* men have a death rate just 50% higher than their "normal" contemporaries; overweight women pay for their poundage with a death rate 47% higher. ¶ For both men & women, the death rate goes up in proportion to excess weight.

* Defined as those 10% or more above the ideal weight for any given height and body build.

HEALTHY WEIGHTS

Ideal weights for men & women have been worked out on the basis of who lives longest. The tables below show what the bathroom scale should register (heights are given barefoot). The range allows for differences in the amount of muscle, and length of torso in proportion to length of legs. The danger point: 10% above the upper limit of the ideal range.

MEN, AGED 25 & OVER

	Small Frame	Medium Frame	Large Frame
5'4"	121-131	129-139	136-148
5'6"	128-138	136-146	144-157
5'8"	135-146	144-155	152-165
5'10"	142-153	151-162	159-174
6'0"	151-163	160-172	168-184
6'2"	162-174	170-183	178-196

WOMEN, AGED 25 & OVER

	Small Frame	Medium Frame	Large Frame
5'0"	107-115	114-122	121-132
5'2"	113-122	121-130	128-139
5'4"	120-129	127-137	135-147
5'6"	125-135	133-143	141-154
5'8"	132-143	141-152	148-162
5'10"	138-149	147-158	155-169

Life Sentence. The trouble often begins in the cradle, pediatricians and psychiatrists said, when an overanxious mother forces a full baby to take the last ounce of formula. Stuffing children through adolescence fixes a lifetime habit.

¶ An estimated 25 million Americans are overweight, and 5,000,000 of them are "seriously obese" adults.

The other side of the medal presented by Dr. Dublin offered positive encouragement to reduce: among 6,000 people studied who had reduced and stayed reduced, the men's death rate was cut by one-fifth, the women's by one-third.

How Not to Reduce. There is no good painless-pill method of reducing, the doctors were told. The A.M.A.'s Dr. Robert Stormont reported that only one drug has proved reasonably safe and useful (amphetamine or a derivative), and even this needs to be used under a doctor's care.

Some extremely dangerous drugs have been promoted for reducing, said Dr. Stormont. Thyroid extract, still popular with some physicians, should not be; it can do grave harm, and there is no reason for giving it, since an underactive thyroid is very rarely the cause of obesity. Also sharply condemned: other hormones, such as pituitary extract (they have nothing to do with overweight), laxatives and dinitrophenol (it raises the temperature so that "the obese are literally frying in their own fat," and it causes cataracts).

Massage is tricky too, reported Chicago's Dr. Hugo R. Rony: in fact, massaging just the fat parts of the body may make those parts bigger. Surgery is dangerous. And exercise is hopeless: to take off one pound, said Dr. Ralph E. De Forest, a fat man would have to walk 36 miles, or do 2,400 pushups, or climb the Washington Monument 48 times. After losing some weight by dieting, the patient should take a little gentle exercise, such as walking or golf, and then go on to swimming. One trouble with heavy exercise: it boosts the appetite.

Among all the experts on obesity, only one looked overweight: roly-poly Dr. Morris Fishbein, onetime editor of the A.M.A. *Journal*. That morning, lamented Fishbein, he had had two breakfasts (the second for sociability); he was going to an alumni lunch, had a date for afternoon cocktails, a speaking date for dinner, and would probably have a snack before retiring. Attacking conviviality as a major cause of overeating, Dr. Fishbein estimated that three-fourths of his eating that day would be convivial.

¶ Deaths from diseases of the heart, arteries and kidneys are 50% (men) to 77% (women) commoner among the obese; cerebral hemorrhages increase 60% above the normal; and death from diabetes goes up almost 300%.

For once, the experts all agreed on the crux of the matter: only diet will take weight off, and the diet should be tailored to each patient's bulging figure. Diets that take so & so many days are of no lasting good. The patient must be of a mind to reduce, and determined to stay reduced. Said Manhattan's Dr. Haynes H. Fellows:

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Compound Prescription

From hundreds of papers, panels and exhibits, the 14,000 A.M.A. members in Chicago last week learned that:

❑ A revolutionary electron gun, developed by the University of Chicago's Dr. Robert J. Moon, is being perfected for X-raying hard-to-get-at organs such as the stomach and lower intestines. Using a pinpoint X-ray beam and a scanning system, it throws a brilliant, enlarged image on a TV screen, subjects both patient and radiologist to much smaller and safer doses of X rays than older methods.

❑ Thanks to a fermentation process in which mold-microbes (captured on a window sill in Kalamazoo) perform a dozen complicated chemical processes, the Upjohn Co. has boosted production of cortisone and cut its price by 20%. Neck & neck in the same race, Schering Corp. can now get enough cortisone to treat a patient for three weeks from the bile of only two cattle (it used to take 400).

❑ Hydrocortisone (Compound F) is more potent than cortisone (Compound E) in treating some eye diseases, said four Philadelphia researchers; it has proved "dramatic" in checking cases of vernal conjunctivitis ("spring catarrh").

❑ Babies who appear lifeless at birth because their mothers have been heavily dosed with morphine and sister drugs during labor may now be saved by another related drug (n-allyl-normorphine). Philadelphia's Dr. James E. Eckenhoff explained that despite the close chemical kinship, it is an antagonist to morphine and a quick antidote for it.

❑ A "spreading agent" called hyaluronidase, extracted from the testicles of bulls, does a lot to prevent the formation or reformation of kidney stones, reported a group of researchers for Wyeth Inc.

❑ If a heart patient has a bottleneck in the mitral valve, it can be opened with a tiny knife on the end of the surgeon's finger. But this daring operation will do little good if the valve to the aorta (main artery) is also narrowed, and there has been no way to repair this second defect. Dr. Charles P. Bailey of Philadelphia, who developed the first operation, now has another for opening the aortic valve: he pushes piano wire into the valve through the heart, and uses it as a guide for a spreader which opens the valve.

Between technical topics, A.M.A. also ❑ Installed Heart Specialist Louis H. Bauer of Hempstead, N.Y., as president for the next twelve months, and chose Surgeon Edward J. McCormick of Toledo as president-elect to take office next June.

❑ Hung its Distinguished Service Medal on Boston's Dr. Paul Dudley White, 66, long connected with Massachusetts General Hospital, for many years of accomplishment in teaching, research and treatment of heart disease.

The Duplicates

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Has it ever happened to you? ... The dress looked wonderful in the window, but in your size was a slight shade darker, duller, and disappointing? ... The fabric swatch you took home—that didn't quite match the new bolt of the same cloth a week later? ... Duplicating color has bedeviled cloth makers

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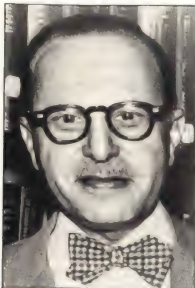


PIONEERS IN BETTER TRANSPORTATION

RELIGION

Psychiatry for Catholics

A Roman Catholic priest and a psychiatrist have written a book that may solve, or at least clarify, some of the tension between their callings. Dr. Robert P. Odenwald, once a Berlin psychiatrist, now directs the Child Center at Washington's Catholic University. Father James H. VanderVeldt, a Dutch Franciscan and a Catholic University professor, formerly taught psychology in Rome; in 1931 he opened the church's first experimental-psychology laboratory there. In *Psychiatry and Catholicism* (McGraw-Hill; \$6), the authors try to explain each to the other. With a preface by Washington's Archbishop Patrick A. O'Boyle, their book is the most authoritative and, in a guarded



Walter Bennett

AUTHOR ODENWALD
After church, the therapist.

way, the friendliest Catholic statement about psychiatry to appear in the U.S.

The authors have no doubts about psychiatry's value. ("It would seem like carrying coals to Newcastle if one were to set out to prove the right of psychiatry to existence.") As much as anything, their book has been written to give suspicious fellow Catholics an inkling of psychiatry's nature and its worth.

A Set of Mechanisms. When it comes to strict Freudian psychiatry, Psychologist VanderVeldt and Psychiatrist Odenwald have their reservations. Their target is not Freud's medical techniques, but "the philosophy that has gradually been tacked on" them. "Freud's most fundamental mistake was to view a person as a machine, a set of mechanisms, and to consider the psychoanalyst as a technician or mechanic who is supposed to mend these mechanisms when they function badly."

The authors find Freud's anti-religion philosophy (e.g., the theories that God is

a "father-image" invented by man, that instincts—principally sex—motivate all human behavior) so much unproved and badly stated "dogma." Since patients often have moral problems connected with their neurosis, "it is dangerous, and very much so, when the psychiatrist is guided . . . by the materialistic philosophy of human nature which Freud championed so ardently." The book also frowns on modern "client-centered therapy," particularly when a doctor tries to solve "religious and moral difficulties" by dissecting the patient's psyche, then letting the patient put the pieces together again in whichever way his instincts suggest. They write: "[This] is based on the assumption that the source of valuing things lies exclusively in man himself . . . In the final analysis, it makes man his own God."

No Substitutes. In disagreeing with Freud's philosophy, the authors do not mean to throw psychiatry, or all psychoanalysis, out the window. They note that Freud got good results with his technique of analysis before he developed his complex conclusions about how the mind works. "This very fact," they say, "proves that the analytical technique can be disconnected from its philosophical superstructure." Few modern psychiatrists follow Freud faithfully, and many violently disagree with him. Odenwald and VanderVeldt are especially impressed with a new school of "existential analysis,"¹ which teaches that man is dominated by a "spiritual ego," not a sexual one. To the existentialists, "God is not a father-image, but . . . the father is an image of God." Often they have found that mental disturbances are due not to repressed sex, but to "unconscious or repressed religion."

Of non-Freudian analysis, they conclude: "Religion works on the conscious level; analytical psychology, to a great extent, on the unconscious level. There need be no opposition between the Catholic religion and analytical psychiatry, so long as the latter avoids smuggling into either its psychological theories or its therapy any philosophical theories that are unacceptable to the former . . . True, there are psychiatrists who have taken their Catholic patients' faith away, but there are also others who make better Catholics out of them by restoring their emotional balance . . ."

There is a polite suggestion that priests and psychiatrists would profit by studying each others' fields. The psychiatrist can treat Catholic patients more intelligently if he understands, among other things, that "sin and the feeling of guilt do not parallel each other." The priest might recall that the confessional is no substitute for the therapist's office. "Once a person has had a serious mental breakdown, he may—if he so wishes—go to church and light a candle, but right after that it

¹ Almost no kin to Jean-Paul Sartre's existentialist philosophy, of which the Catholic Church takes a dim view.

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would be a sensible thing for him to visit the office of a psychiatrist." The author's common-sense conclusion: "Religion is no substitute for psychiatry, nor psychiatry a substitute for religion."

Discord in the Seminaries

In two Episcopal seminaries, the school year ended on a discordant note.

Just before commencement, the trustees of Nashotah House, a 110-year-old seminary near Milwaukee, dissolved the student council after a running controversy. Although Nashotah has traditionally been a stronghold of the Anglo-Catholic segment in the church, seminarians have recently been getting too Catholic for comfort. Led by Father Everett B. Bosshard, professor of dogmatic theology, most students, the trustees complained, had adopted such Roman Catholic practices as saying the rosary and burning votive candles, were drifting toward such "Romanist" dogma as the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. Last month the trustees fired Father Bosshard only to have the students, 47 to 1, demand his reinstatement. Dean William H. Nes, unable to change the students' viewpoint, resigned himself. The trustees are now looking for a successor. Said Milwaukee's Bishop Benjamin F. P. Ivins, himself a high churchman: "We stand in between Protestantism and Romanism. There was a group of students that was adhering absolutely to Romanism."

At Sewanee, Tenn., eight faculty members of the University of the South (including the dean and five members of the Theological School faculty, the university chaplain and the head of the college religion department) threatened to resign over their trustees' decision not to admit Negro seminarians. The trustees, representing 22 Southern Protestant Episcopal dioceses, argued that admission of Negroes would violate a Tennessee law requiring racial segregation in schools. The faculty members promised to give the trustees until June 1954 to reconsider, before their resignations took effect. The trustees' position, they said, is "untenable in the light of Christian ethics and of the teaching of the Anglican communion."

Speaking Symbol

When Michael von Faulhaber became Archbishop of Munich in 1937, King Ludwig III still sat on his shadow-throne in Bavaria and the old order of Europe, if crumbling, was not yet gone. Archbishop Faulhaber reached his new archdiocese from the trenches of Germany's Western Front: he had gone to war as a chaplain in 1914, although he was already 45, a bishop and a celebrated Biblical scholar. He was the first German prelate to win the Iron Cross.

As an archbishop, Faulhaber found plenty of fighting at home. Munich was one of the battlegrounds of the "Spartacist" (Communist) uprising of 1919, and Faulhaber risked his personal safety to preach against the Reds. In 1921 he became a cardinal. His friend Pope Pius XII, then Cardinal Piacelli, Papal Nuncio at

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Munich, called him "the speaking symbol of the Church Militant."

For the next 31 years Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber represented the Church Militant's oldest traditions. In politics his sympathies were conservative and monarchist, and he never disguised them. But if his values sometimes seemed old-fashioned, they helped him to spot evil quickly, where more modern observers saw only confusion. In 1930 he thundered from his pulpit against the dangers of Bolshevism. Three years later he began to denounce the Nazis for their persecution of the Jews.

In 1934 Hitler ordered him sent to the concentration camp at Dachau. When the cardinal appeared for his journey, dressed in full regalia, his SS guards hesitated to take him through the streets of Munich, where he was universally respected. The order was rescinded and the Nazis never



CARDINAL VON FAULHABER
After the trenches, a new battleground.

again openly tested their strength against him. For the next ten years he led the Catholic Church's resistance to Hitlerism, speaking out against it where most of his fellow priests (and most Protestant clergymen) were hesitant or fearful. As early as 1933 he prophesied from his pulpit: "A state based on right, which strives from the first for a peaceful solution, must win the victory over a state based on might, which seeks to gain right with bloody weapons." In 1942 he smuggled out to the Vatican a detailed denunciation of Hitler's "war against Christianity."

After World War II he returned to the fight against Communism. Still an ultra-conservative, he also sharply criticized the U.S. military government for attempting to liberalize the German school system. But his pronouncements grew rarer. Ailing since 1942, he seldom went outside his palace. It was there, last week, that death came quietly to Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber, 83.



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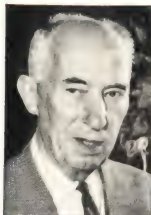
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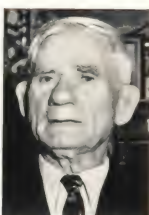
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DRUMMOND



ARMSTRONG

DonRich; Martha Holmes—Litz; C. Hadley Smith; Windy Drum

Goodbye, Messrs. Chips

Each year, U.S. colleges and universities must say goodbye to many a famed and favorite teacher. Among 1952's retirements:

Baylor's **A. Joseph ("Dr. A.") Armstrong**, 79, who at seven used to scribble on his school slate "A. Joseph Armstrong, prof. of Greek," eventually became a professor of English and the world's No. 1 collector of Browning. In term, white-haired Dr. A. used to rise at dawn each day for a five-mile pre-breakfast hike, taught with explosive severity ("Son, you sound like you have a mouthful of mush"), worked with such ferocity that he left the rest of the campus panting ("I hope to die on Saturday," he would say, "so there'll be no necessity to miss classes"). To earn money for his collecting, he started the Armstrong Educational Tours, raised a fortune for manuscripts, first editions and such items as Browning's ring and snuffbox. The collection is now housed in a \$2,000,000 Renaissance library on the Baylor campus at Waco, Texas—"a place," said Dr. A., "where young people can meditate on great thoughts . . . the most beautiful building in the world." Bowdoin's Halifax-born **Kenneth C. M. Sills**, 72, longtime (34 years) presi-

dent of the college. A former Latin instructor, famed for his fidgets (he used to tear whole handkerchiefs to shreds while teaching), "Casey" Sills mellowed into a pleasant, paunchy "ex-scholar," famed for his love of Dante, for eating (so goes the legend) eleven lobster stews at a sitting, and for liking to run his piny campus just as if Longfellow were still there: "Excellent teaching in wooden halls is much better than wooden teaching in marble halls."

Bryn Mawr's lively Classicist **Lily Ross Taylor**, 65, who in 25 years has set hundreds of unsuspecting girls to lapping up Lucretius, devouring Vergil, plunging into everything from the politics of ancient Rome to the cults of Etruria. Peering excitedly through her glasses, Miss Taylor started each lecture as a model of good grooming, gradually worked herself up into such a frenzy of hair-rumpling that students were moved to remark: "You can tell how well her class went by the way her hair is standing up."

The University of Chicago's **Louis Leon Thurstone**, 65, a top U.S. apostle of the mental test. A onetime assistant of Thomas Edison, Psychologist Thurstone

explored far beyond the I.Q., devoted himself to devising tests for basic mental functions (e.g., verbal understanding, word fluency, number facility, space thinking, perception, reasoning, shape recognition). His plans after leaving Chicago: to go right on making tests as director of the new Psychometric Laboratory at the University of North Carolina.

Yale's **Clarence W. Mendell**, 69, former dean of the college and for nearly a generation the "grand old Roman" of the faculty. A tweedy little man with a passion for flashy sport coats and corncob pipes, "Clare" Mendell divided his time between poring over Latin sentence connection, digging up lost Tacitus manuscripts, weeding his vegetables, and just being the sort of gentle scholar that many Yale faculty men have tried to imitate.

Cornell's **Peter Debye**, 68, Nobel Prize-winning chemist and physicist, author of the Debye theory of the specific heat of solids. Born in The Netherlands, Debye succeeded Einstein as professor of theoretical physics at the University of Zurich, served as director of Berlin's Max Planck Institute until the Nazis drove him out ("Stay at home and occupy yourself by writing a book," they told him), in 1940 finally made his way to Cornell. There, perpetually wreathed in cigar

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Ethel Barrymore D.F.A.

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Oberlin College

Rachel Louise Carson, author of *The Sea Around Us* D.Sc.

James William Fulbright, U.S. Senator from Arkansas LL.D.

Thornton Niven Wilder, novelist, playwright Litt.D.

Amos Niven Wilder, professor of the New Testament at Chicago Theological Seminary, brother of Thornton D.D.

University of Pennsylvania

William Carlos Williams Litt.D.

Citation: "Poet, physician, man of letters . . . you have continued to serve your community with devotion . . . while your unflagging creative inspiration has enriched the literature of your country. You were an original creative force among the younger poets who forged a new poetry . . ."

Princeton University

Charles Habib Malik, Minister to the U.S. from Lebanon Litt.D.

Augustus Noble Hand, judge of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals LL.D.

Robert Abercrombie Lovett, Secretary of Defense LL.D.

Frank Charles Laubach Doctor of Philanthropy

Citation: "He has given his life to Christian missionary work . . . in 64 countries he has helped 15 million people learn their A B C's in 230 languages and dialects. An evangelist of literacy. In method unique. In spirit naive. In Godliness practical. He has loved men . . . in deed and in truth."

Trinity College (Hartford, Conn.)

General Lucius D. Clay LL.D.

Citation: "Unlike Quintilius Varus, who lost his Roman eagles when surrounded in the Teutoburg Forest of Germany, this distinguished general raised his American eagles to heaven. When rimed in Berlin by the might of Russia, and in an epic destined to live long in American annals, known as the Berlin Airlift, he dropped manna from heaven to the cause of freedom . . ."

Dr. and Mrs. Frank L. Boyden, headmaster and head of the science department of Deerfield Academy. L.H.D.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

TRAVEL

Invasion, 1952

[See Cover]

Not since D-day had Europe seen such an American invasion. From Land's End to the toe of Italy, tourists established beachheads at bars and hotels, and wave after wave of reinforcements came ashore.

In Britain, they hunted down the graves of ancestors, drove about the Lake District, walked the streets of London with tireless energy. Outside Buckingham Palace, they stood with cameras at the ready, as if waiting for the Queen to wave to them from the windows. They toured the Tower, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey ("Is this really the coronation throne? Kinda beat up, isn't it?"), carefully watched out for cars on the "wrong side" of the street, crowded into Dirty Dick's Fleet Street pub and the Prospect of Whiffy on the Thames. Wherever Americans went sightseeing, they saw that reassuring sight—other Americans.

Texas Week. Paris, their favorite city, seemed like home. Whether strolling the Champs-Élysées, primping at Elizabeth Arden's, or downing Martinis ("Très see, avec le Gordon's gin") at Harry's New York Bar, they would always find some familiar face. They took their cigars and baby Brownies into Sacré-Coeur, climbed to the top of Notre Dame, brushed shoulders with Bohemia in cellar nightclubs on the Left Bank, gave free advice to street artists painting in Montmartre. They drove down the Loire valley searching out new restaurants and old châteaux (now

floodlit at night for American eyes), and tried not to notice the scrawled Communist signs, "Americans, go home."

Prices were shockingly high, although France had a group of "Vacation Villages" around the country in which a 10-ft.-square cabin and three meals a day cost only \$1.50 to \$1.80. For Lone-Star States, Southern France made frantic preparations for *La Semaine du Texas*, an eight-day week, when imported Neiman-Marcus models in ten-gallon hats will roam the ranges of the Riviera.

"Everything Was Divine." In Switzerland, Americans climbed the Jungfrau (by railroad), sailed on Lake Geneva, took pictures of each other quaffing beer from giant steins. In Italy, as one enthusiastic female put it, "everything was divine." Prices were low, the food & drink excellent, and waiters now know what "on the rocks" means. Tourists explored catacombs, craned their necks at the Michelangelo ceiling in the Sistine Chapel, where a sign cautions: "Visitors are forbidden to lie on the floor." In Venice, they fed the pigeons in St. Mark's Square, drifted down the Grand Canal in gondolas, and pointed out to each other the palaces once lived in by Byron and Browning. They rolled through the hill towns of Siena, Perugia and Orvieto in air-conditioned motor coaches of the government's CIAT Travel Agency (Florence to Rome: \$6.50), equipped with radios, lavatories, bars and pretty hostesses.

In Spain, which many Americans first discovered this year, they drank manzanilla in fake gypsy caves, trooped past

the magnificent pictures in the Prado, and visited the "house of El Greco" in Toledo—in which he never lived (it was built near the site of his home some years after his death). Tourists overtopped cab drivers, loaded up with mantillas, castanets and other trinkets, and thus sent prices up. The bullfights roused strong emotions in them: they either cheered the bull, marveled at the matador, or fainted at the sight of blood.

Everywhere, hotels were booked solid for the summer; trains, planes and buses were jammed. Everywhere, except in Italy and Spain, tourists found the prices much higher than they had counted on (headlined *Variety*: EUROPE IN TWO WORDS: BRING CASH). The 750,000 Americans visiting Europe this year (up from 700,000 in 1951) will spend more than \$750 million, or an average of about \$800 apiece.

The Challenger. The majority of these travelers are still going by ship, although the airlines, helped by their new tourist rates, will carry almost as many. Like the planes, tourist space on the stately *Queens*, the elegant *Hé de France*, the *Independence*, *Constitution*, and all the other liners, is sold out till September. By midsummer, France will add her 23-knot, 20,300-ton *Flandre* to the transatlantic fleet, and Holland will put her 15,000-ton, 875-passenger *Maastricht* into service. But the prize of the new ships is the United States Lines' new superliner *United States*, the biggest passenger ship ever built in the U.S., and the third largest in the world. On her first speed trials last week, the *United States* also showed that she is probably the fastest liner in the world. Off Virginia, she "considerably exceeded 34 knots" for eight hours, faster than any other passenger ship is known to have done. Going astern, the *United States* made 20 knots, faster than most ships' forward speed.

As she steamed back to port, the crew hung an oversize broom on a mast. It was a symbol for "sweeping the sea," and a rehearsal for the day when the *United States* hopes to win the Blue Ribbon Atlantic speed record from the *Queen Mary* (three days and 20 hours, 42 minutes, or an average speed of 31.60 knots), and bring the prize to the U.S. for the first time in 100 years.* The *United States* will sail July 3 on her maiden voyage under Commodore Harry Manning. Weather permitting, Commodore Manning hopes to capture the speed record on the first trip.

Dream Come True. The superliner is the dreamboat of William Francis Gibbs, 65, crack naval architect and famed designer of World War II's Liberty ships, and every type of naval ship from destroyer to battleship. He sold the dream to the Government and U.S. Lines Co.; the



TOURISTS ATOP NOTRE DAME
In the Sistine Chapel, no lying down.

Agence France—Presse

* The record was held briefly in 1852 by the *Baltic*, 2,664-ton sideshooter which averaged 13 knots. Cunarders profess they are unconcerned by the new threat. Sniffed Cunard Chairman Fred Bates: "Speed for the sake of speed has not entered into our reckoning."



OFF TO ETERNITY: Aboard the famed *Queen Mary*, swinging away from Pier 60, vacationers' cares fade with Manhattan's towers.



SEX & FUN: On the New York-Mediterranean run, the *Independence* (above) and *Constitution* add a luxury tilt to poolside living.



BIGGEST U.S. LINER the *United States*, rises twelve stories from keel to canyon funnel top, looks its size at Newport News dock.



OPEN SUN DECK, 4½ laps to the wind-swept mile, is rimmed with fireproof aluminum lifeboats.



ON BUILDER'S TRIAL:



RADAR MAST's electronic eyes scan far horizons.



CODE FLAGS ("Come on in, the water's fine") doll up the inevitable pool.

Scott G. Aronson Photos



The 52,000-ton, 990-ft. *United States* shows off its racy lines, designed to cut the *Queen Mary*'s 14-year-old transatlantic speed record.



ILE DE FRANCE, since 1977 popular "Rue de la Paix of the Atlantic," tops the plush & glitter class. Above the cabin-class salon.



THE FLANDRE, sleek, 20,400-ton French liner now getting finishing touches at Dunkirk, will enter Atlantic service next month.

Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Co. made it come true.

Because of its long, slim prow, the *United States* is racier-looking than most ocean liners. Its hull is black, its superstructure dazzling white. Around the spacious sundeck, 24 aluminum life boats (capacity: 3,280) glisten in the sun; above it all stand two gigantic red, white & blue stacks. They are the biggest stacks in the world—not because the engines need them (actually the stacks are crammed with air-conditioning equipment, blowers, etc.), but because only stacks of their proportions would look right on such a giant.

For all her size, the hull is as sleek as a shark to help her outrun submarines. Fore & aft, her plates, instead of being riveted together in overlaps, like the *Queens*, are welded end to end, making the hull lighter, smoother and faster. Much of her superstructure is made of aluminum to cut down weight and lessen the ship's roll. In her compact white engine rooms (two separate rooms to lessen the danger from torpedoes in time of war), oil-fired boilers supply high-pressure steam to power the turbines that drive four giant propellers. These generate enough power for a city the size of San Antonio. From dog kennels (holding 20 dogs) to galleys (equipped with Radaranges that can cook a steak in seconds), the *United States* is air-conditioned.

The cabins are comfortable but not opulent. There are 344 first-class cabins (top price: \$930 for double bedroom, bathroom and sitting room), 178 second or cabin class (\$220 to \$290), and 173 third or tourist class (\$300 for an outside main-deck cabin with upper & lower berths and running water, to \$165 for the cheapest cabin).

In the cabins, dresser drawers lock in place and do not rattle; bathroom light fixtures are angled above the mirror to reflect directly in the shaver's face; shower valves are thermostatically controlled to prevent the water from getting too hot. From every cabin, travelers can phone to anywhere in the world.

Luxury v. Defense. Because the *United States* was built as a troop carrier in war as much as a tourist carrier in peace, the Navy had final say on what went into the ship. Whenever the choice lay between luxury and defense, defense won. In the cabin-class lounge, for example, Designer Gibbs wanted windows. The Navy said no; they might weaken the ship.

The first-class dining room seems chopped up, because the Navy demanded extra reinforcing stanchions. Because the Navy banned all inflammable materials, the ship has no wooden ornaments or canvas paintings; public rooms are decorated with cold aluminum and glass sculptures and panels, or flame-resistant Dynel fabrics. Furniture and life preservers are stuffed with flame-proof glass fiber instead of kapok. The only wooden objects on board are the butcher's blocks and the pianos. Even the orchestra leaders' batons are aluminum.

The Navy got what it wanted: a fast ship that can be quickly converted into a



HOISTING THE BROOM (MANNING WITH BINOCULARS*)
For a habitual hero, a clean sweep?

troop transport capable of carrying 14,000 men halfway around the world, nonstop. The *United States'* reinforced decks are strong enough to hold gun platforms; her hull is divided into watertight compartments whose doors can be closed automatically to seal off damage.

Ties & Turkeys. For her 1,000-man crew, U.S. Lines combed lists of officers and engineers. Stewards, chefs and bartenders were put through a six-week refresher course in tying passengers' black ties, mixing drinks and making beds. The ship's 178 chefs and assistants prepared and cooked complete trial menus. Over everything, Commodore Manning, master of the *United States*, kept a watchful eye—from the anchor chain to the windshield wipers on the pilot-house windows.

To command its No. 1 ship, the U.S.

Lines picked its No. 1 skipper. Commodore Manning is, by his own admission, a stubborn, bullheaded, tactless introvert. At 55, he is also a brilliant man who is called by his friends & enemies the best seaman in the world. He wears his commodore's hat low over his cold grey eyes, has a field of ribbons on his chest, and a foot-high stack of scrapbooks filled with newspaper clippings to show how he got them all. In his 37 years at sea, Manning has been the hero of sundry mid-ocean rescues, survived a ticker-tape parade up Broadway, once was navigator for Flyer Amelia Earhart. Newspapers referred to him as a "habitual hero." Yet he has kept in his hat a carefully lettered reminder of the responsibilities of his new command: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Manning needs no reminder that "the ship always comes first." A few years ago, when he was about to take the *United States Lines' America* on her maiden post-war voyage, the A.F.L. Masters, Mates and Pilots union threatened to tie up the ship unless he joined the union himself. Cried Manning: "I'll starve before I join . . . No captain can be subject to the dictates of a union delegate."

He was soon in an argument with the C.I.O. His crew, members of C.I.O.'s National Maritime Union, vowed they would not take out the ship unless the line discharged the chief crew steward who had fired two other union members. Said Manning: "These [union] people have not a single ounce of responsibility for the safety of this vessel." The *America* sailed on time. Later, a maritime union took a kinder view of Manning, awarded

SUPERLINER LOG

Length: 990 ft., or 41 ft. shorter than the *Queen Elizabeth*, and 27 ft. shorter than the *Queen Mary*.

Beam: 101 ft., or 17 ft. less than the *Queens*, and just narrow enough to squeeze through the 110-ft.-wide locks of the Panama Canal.

Gross Tonnage: 53,000 tons v. 80,000 plus for the *Queens*.

Speed: more than 34 knots.

Power: oil-fired boilers power four high-pressure steam turbines, which develop some 165,000 h.p.

Cost: \$70 million; \$42 million from the Government, \$28 million from U.S. Lines.

Insurance: \$31 million, highest value ever placed on a ship.

Capacity: peacetime, 2,000 passengers, 1,000 crew; wartime, 14,000 troops with equipment.

* From left: Designer Gibbs, President J. B. Woodward Jr. of the Newport News shipyard, Cadet Midshipman G. W. Rendell.



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him a scroll for helping them clean Communists out of the organization.

One day in 1947, when the *America* headed into Southampton, she was held up for six hours by the *Queen Elizabeth*, which had run aground in a hairpin turn of the channel. Manning saw the British press, stomped up & down his cabin berating the Admiralty for Southampton's "primitive and disgraceful" harbor. Parliament later voted £600,000 to straighten the channel, and Southampton now gives Manning much of the credit for the improvement. In everything pertaining to his ship, Manning is an unsmiling perfectionist who expects officers to jump when he gives an order. Says one old shipmate: "When you're aboard a ship and Manning's on top, you don't have to worry about your skin. Manning will take care of that."

Irish Pennants & Beards. Manning drives himself as hard as his men. He keeps his sturdy (5 ft. 7½ in., 160 lbs.) frame in tiptop shape by boxing every day (he used to spar with ex-Lightweight Champion Benny Leonard), and does not smoke or drink. On board his ship, he wakes up every morning at about 6:30 for coffee in bed, takes a quick look outside before a breakfast of orange juice, eggs, toast and more coffee. The first day out he spends the morning making a stem-to-stern inspection, in which the smallest Irish pennant (loose rope end) or stubble of beard will catch his choleric eye.

Having been briefed by the chief steward on any VIPs aboard, Manning then sets out to meet them. He doesn't like this part of a skipper's job, but the commodore is a determined man, and has taught himself some of the social graces. He invites small groups, in shifts, to cocktails before lunch and dinner; if they stay too long, he politely gets rid of them by saying he is needed on the bridge.

Which Is the Flower? Manning constantly worries about his ship. He hates to linger at the captain's table (likely guests on the maiden voyage: Margaret Truman, the Vincent Astors, United Aircraft's Fred Rentschler and wife, the U.S. Lines' President John Franklin). Says he: "I get uneasy wondering what's going on up top." Though he abominates small talk, Manning has taught himself a few conversational gambits. One of them is to lean around a vase of flowers and say to the lady passenger opposite: "I can hardly tell which is the flower." Says Manning: "That always goes over big."

Manning is a self-taught expert on many subjects, and occasionally astounds his guests. On one trip across with New York's ex-Representative Joe Baldwin, he and Baldwin traded lines from Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. Manning puts his best social foot forward dancing. He has standing orders with the chief steward to steer the best dancers in his direction. Says Manning with a grin: "The only reason I'm on these ships is that I can tango."

For as long as 36 hours before the ship docks, even in calm weather, Manning takes his only sleep in catnaps; he hardly



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MANNING & EARHART
After dinner, a tango.

International

stays in his cabin long enough to shave. Nor does the commodore completely relax in port. He has never been to Paris because he can't leave his ship that long. This fanatic devotion to duty has taken its toll in Manning's personal life. Twelve years ago he married Florence Isabella Trowbridge Heaton, whom he met on a crossing. They were divorced two years later, shortly after their daughter was born. Explains Manning: "I couldn't serve two masters."

"I Was a Fanatic." Manning was born in Germany in 1897. His father was a junior officer in the British Foreign Service, his mother a German. When he was ten, his father moved to New York and went into the importing business. Young Manning was a runt with a lisp (since conquered), and his parents were never surprised when he came home with a bloodied nose.

He graduated from grade school with honors, enrolled in the New York Nautical School, with his sextant took a sight on success. Says Manning: "I was a fanatic on navigation." He was the smallest in his class, but he was also smart and tough. Two years and many fistfights later, he shipped out on the *St. Paul* as a \$15-a-month seaman. With the new Marq St.-Hilaire navigating system learned in school, a refinement of which is now in common use in the Navy, Manning soon distinguished himself as a navigator, and was made quartermaster the second trip out. Then, while making Nantucket in choppy seas one day, he got seasick at the wheel, flubbed the captain's orders and was fired at the end of the voyage. Manning next shipped out to the Pacific for eleven months on the four-masted sailing ship *Dirigo*.

"None Like Me." As a junior officer on tankers, freighters and passenger ships, Manning came to be known as a man who wanted things done his way—even though

the captain might have different plans. He likes to quote the Duke of Montrose:

*He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That does not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.*

Once, as second officer of the *George Washington*, he was making port when he found himself behind schedule. While the captain wasn't looking, Manning set the bridge clock back. What would Commodore Manning do if his own junior officers tried such tricks today? Manning's reply: "There are no officers like me today."

Not everyone appreciated young Manning's independence and way of doing things. He was fired off the famed *Leviathan* (nee *Vaterland*) after a year at cross-purposes with the captain; on one ship, the stewards tried to poison him by dumping roach powder in his coffee. Says Manning: "I was an awful son of a bitch in those days." His hands still bear the scars of knives wielded by a stowaway and what Manning calls "various obstreperous members of the crew."

In the winter of 1929, when Manning was first officer of the old *America*, his ship came upon the Italian freighter *Florida*, wallowing helplessly on her beam ends in the stormy mid-Atlantic with a parted rudder chain. Manning volunteered to take a lifeboat with seven men across a quarter-mile of raging, ice-strewn seas to rescue the Italian crew. The 32 men were saved. On his return to New York, he was given a hero's welcome, a ticker-tape parade and a banquet.

"I've Come Home." That rescue was only the first of Manning's many news-making exploits. He saved *Flyer* Lou Reichers after his plane had fallen into the Atlantic; twice, in port, he dived over the side for men overboard. He learned to fly, made Sunday inspections of his ship from the air, and blasted the crew next

day if he found anything not shipshape.

In 1937 he went on leave to be navigator as far as Australia for Amelia Earhart on her proposed flight around the world. In Honolulu, the plane skidded on a take-off and cracked up. No one was hurt, but Manning had to return to his ship before the plane could be repaired and the flight resumed. This was the flight on which Amelia Earhart lost her life.

Soon after, Manning had a crackup in his own Fairchild monoplane. He was hauled from the wreckage with a concussion, compound fractures of both legs, a compound jaw fracture, a broken arm, a broken nose, and countless cuts and bruises. Doctors thought he would never walk again. But nine months after the crackup he was back on the bridge.

"Torpedo Ship." At the outbreak of World War II, Manning was skipper of the *Washington*, carrying refugees from Europe. So many children were aboard that the ship was nicknamed "*S.S. Diaper*." At dawn, one morning in 1940, off the coast of Portugal, a German U-boat surfaced and blinked out a terrifying message: "STOP SHIP. EASE TO SHIP. TORPEDO SHIP." Manning ordered his 1590 passengers to the lifeboats. Then, for ten tense minutes, as the sub repeatedly flashed "ABANDON SHIP," Manning stubbornly replied: "AMERICAN SHIP." Finally, in the agonizing quiet, the submarine signaled: "THOUGHT YOU WERE ANOTHER SHIP. PLEASE GO ON."

Manning finished World War II as a Navy commander in command of the merchant marine's radio school in New York, and at war's end was given command of the renovated *America*. After two winters of storms and fast turn-arounds, Manning's stomach went back on him, and he had to be relieved of command; later, he recovered and returned to full duty. If & when he retires he will be relieved by Captain John Anderson, 53, an old schoolmate.

End of an Era. As the *United States* finished her tune-up runs, she was embroiled in as loud a controversy as ever squalled up over Commodore Manning. The question: How much should the U.S. Lines pay for the ship? The line had signed a contract in 1948 to foot \$28 million of the building cost, while the Government would pay the remaining \$42 million. The Government's share was for subsidies to make up for the higher building costs of U.S. ships, and to pay for the expensive defense features.

Last week Comptroller General Lindsay Warren demanded that the U.S. Lines should pay another \$10 million. The line refused. The argument would not delay the maiden voyage, but there was a chance that the ship would sail under lease instead of under the U.S. Lines' ownership.

Most big lines make money only with the help of sizable government subsidies. Last year, with a \$4,501,608 subsidy and a fleet of 46 moneymaking freighters, U.S. Lines earned \$7,489,812. It is counting on a big subsidy boost to help pay for operating the *United States*.

Because of the travel boom, shippers



He floats through the air —with so little ease

Unlike the man on the flying trapeze, he will probably end up with a broken leg instead of a beautiful gal. All because Junior left his skate on the front walk.

It could cost Junior's father plenty unless he carries a Family Legal Liability policy.

Every home owner should have this policy which gives you \$10,000* protection for only \$10.

The America Fore agent can tell you all about this.

*Higher Limits Available.



For the name of a nearby America Fore insurance man or claims office, call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25.

The America Fore Insurance Group comprises the
**CONTINENTAL • FIDELITY-PHENIX • NIAGARA
AMERICAN EAGLE • FIDELITY and CASUALTY**
INSURANCE COMPANIES OF NEW YORK

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR POLICIES

America Fore
— INSURANCE GROUP —

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL



Here are the circulation gains and losses of Chicago newspapers from 1944 (the year John S. Knight assumed control of the Chicago Daily News) up until today. The figures used are the six months' Audit Bureau of Circulations Publishers Statements ending each year on March 31st.

The Chicago Sun and the Chicago Times were separate papers at the beginning of this period. The merger was consummated in 1948. For comparative purposes the combined Sun and Times figures are used here.

CIRCULATION IN THE CITY

FROM 1944 TO 1952



CIRCULATION TOTAL

FROM 1944 TO 1952



IN CHICAGO THE NEWSPAPER SHOWING THE

GREATEST CIRCULATION GAINS IS THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

For 77 Years Chicago's HOME Newspaper
 JOHN S. KNIGHT, Publisher
 DAILY NEWS PLAZA, CHICAGO
 NEW YORK • DETROIT • MIAMI BEACH
 SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

believe that England's *Queens* have been exceptions to the general rule, and have been raking in dollars. But the *Queens* have a big advantage over the *United States*. Their labor costs are 75% lower, and they can shuttle back & forth on a weekly schedule, with scarcely an idle day. The *United States*, on 41-day runs (leaving Manhattan about every two weeks), will have no sister ship to team up with; the *America* can't keep as fast a schedule.

On top of this, all liners are waging a losing battle against the airlines. Five years ago, only 30% of transatlantic travel was by air. This year it will reach about 40%, and airlines talk confidently of getting the bulk of the business next year. But as long as the travel boom lasts, shippers are not too worried; they think they will get their profitable share—and they think they have some things that no plane can match. As one European-bound tripper put it: "Is there anything better than sitting in a cozy nook on the stern of a ship, smelling the salt air and watching the white wake, and knowing that you have nothing to do but enjoy yourself?"

SHIPPING

Dollars for Dollar

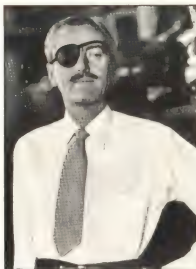
For seven years, San Francisco's Shipping Tycoon R. (for Robert) Stanley Dollar has waged a lone battle against the U.S. Government. His object: to force the Government to give him back the old Dollar Steamship Lines (now American President) which he had lost in 1938 when he could not pay a \$7,500,000 Government loan (TIME, Nov. 27, 1950, et seq.).

Though Dollar won his case right up to the U.S. Supreme Court, Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer refused to hand over the property, started a new appeal to the courts. But last week Sawyer and Dollar came to terms out of court in a Solomon-like decision that will cut the baby in half. The line will be sold at public auction for a minimum price of \$14 million, to be split 50-50 between Dollar interests and the Government. The line should bring much more, since its assets are estimated at \$32 million. Dollar indicated he might bid for the line himself, go back to running it if he wins.

ADVERTISING

One-Eyed Flattery

As soon as the ad appeared in *The New Yorker* last fall, all eyes were green in Manhattan's ad alley. "The Man in the Hathaway Shirt" depicted a white-shirted, debonair-looking fellow who was given a peculiar air of distinction by a black patch over his right eye. The ad was the inspiration of British-born David Ogilvy, 41, vice president of Manhattan's Hewitt, Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc. He got the idea from pictures of ex-Ambassador Lewis Douglas, who has worn a patch ever since he lost the sight of one eye in a fishing accident. (The man in the ad is Baron George Wrangell, émigré nephew of a White Russian general, whose eyes are perfectly good).



HATHAWAY'S SHIRT MAN
 From a fishhook, distinction.

Last week the Advertising Federation of America named Ogilvy its "Young Advertising Man of the Year." This week Ogilvy received a more sincere form of flattery. Manhattan's James McCreery & Co. department store, advertising its "Silf-Skin girdle," depicted a buoyant, smiling young model clad in nothing but a girdle, a halter and an eye-patch.

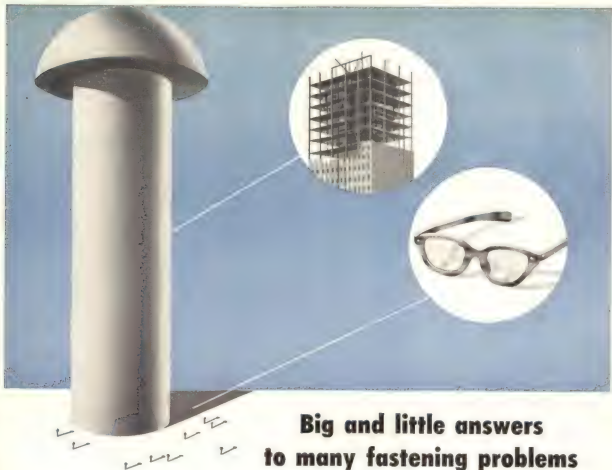
OIL

Never Say Die

Houston's hard-drinking, risk-taking Oilman Glenn McCarthy has a habit of making comebacks just when things look blackest. Once, when he had gone \$1,500,000 in the red, and a creditors' committee had taken over his affairs, he didn't even have the \$20,000 needed to finish the mansion he was building. Then, from an oilman he scarcely knew, came a check for



MC CREERY'S GIRDLE GIRL
 From a copycat, flattery.



Big and little answers to many fastening problems

Between the big structural rivet and the little eye-glass rivets shown above are thousands of other sizes and styles produced regularly by Townsend—so that no matter what you wish to rivet, there is a size and shape to serve you. This wide variety of solid rivets, tubular rivets and Cherry Blind Rivets is used by all industry to improve fastening efficiency—speed assembly operations—keep unit costs low.

More than a century ago, when the horse was king, Townsend made rivets

for wagons and carriages—later made them for the first horseless carriages—today makes them by the millions for the automotive and aircraft industries—for railroads, shipbuilders. In fact, Townsend supplies every industry that needs to fasten materials together quickly—economically—permanently.

As the world's largest manufacturer of a complete line of rivets, Townsend has accumulated a special knowledge of rivet manufacture and has applied it to the development of other cold-

headed fasteners and small parts. As a result, Townsend can help you solve virtually any fastening problem whether it involves metal, plastics, fabrics, glass or wood. With more than 10,000 items at their command, Townsend engineers are able to give you unbiased advice—help select or design the fastener best suited to your product and assembly methods. A folder describing Townsend fasteners, which are used to increase efficiency and improve many products, is yours for the asking.

Townsend

COMPANY • ESTABLISHED 1816

Sales Offices in Principal Cities

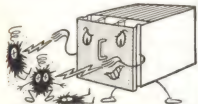
THE FASTENING AUTHORITY—Experience: over 136 years—Capacity: sixty-million parts daily—Products: over ten-thousand types of solid rivets—cold-headed parts—Cherry Blind Rivets—Twistfast Screws—self-tapping screws—tubular rivets—locknuts—special nails—formed wire parts.
Plants: New Brighton, Pennsylvania—Chicago, Illinois—Plymouth, Michigan—Santa Ana, California.

AIR-MAZING FACTS

BY O. SOGLOW



BEEES KEEP DUST FROM SETTLING DOWN! You can blame the birds and bees for much of the dust that's kept circulating in the air. Many dust particles are so fine that even the flapping of a mosquito's wings is enough to keep them from settling down.



ELECTROCUTES DUST! More than 90% of all air-borne dust, pollen and even smoke particles are literally shocked out of the air by Electromaze electronic air filters. Used wherever super-clean air is desired, Electromaze filter installations are more flexible in size, quicker to install and easier to clean.



SHORT-STOP GREASE DROPS! Air-Maze Grease-top filters grab air-borne grease, dirt and dust from the air — prevent fire hazards in kitchen exhaust ducts. It's one of hundreds of filter types designed by Air-Maze — the filter engineers.

WHETHER YOU BUILD OR USE engines, compressors, air-conditioning and ventilating equipment, or any device using air or liquids — the chances are there is an Air-Maze filter engineered to serve you better. Representatives in all principal cities, or write Air-Maze Corporation, Cleveland 5, Ohio.

AIR-MAZE

The Filter Engineers

AIR FILTERS
SILENCERS
SPARK ARRESTERS

LIQUID FILTERS
OIL SEPARATORS
GREASE FILTERS

\$50,000 and a note: "Pay me when you can." McCarthy finished his mansion and launched new oil explorations that made him millions.

Once more down on his luck, McCarthy is trying another comeback. But when he talked of starting a new wildcatting company, his chief creditor, Equitable Life Assurance, said no. It told him that he must put his McCarthy Oil & Gas Corp. and Shamrock Hotel in order, or step out of the management (TIME, April 14).

Last week McCarthy and Equitable came to terms. Equitable made him step out of the management of the oil com-

pany and give up his \$5,000-a-month salary as chairman. Equitable also stepped up the size of the payments on McCarthy's loan. Then it announced that it was in "full agreement" with his plan for a new oil company. Houston's investment firm, B. V. Christie Co., notified the SEC of McCarthy's intention of selling \$20 million worth of stock at \$2 per share in a new wildcatting company, to be known as Glenn McCarthy, Inc. Its chief assets: McCarthy's name and Irish luck. All that remained to be seen was whether McCarthy could sell the stock and if so whether he could find oil with the cash.

MILESTONES

Married. Patrice Munsel, 27, Spokane-born Metropolitan Opera soprano; and Robert Charles Carroll Schuler, 31, candy heir and television director; in Manhattan, N.Y.

Marriage Revealed. Judy (Over the Rainbow) Garland, 30, highstrung singing star of screen and vaudeville; and Michael Sidney Luft, 36, her business agent; she for the third time, he for the second; on June 8 in Paicines, Calif.

Divorced. By Ethel (Call Me Madam) Merman, 43, trumpet-voiced musicienne: Robert Daniels Levitt, 42, Hearst promotion man, her second husband; after eleven years of marriage, two children; in Juarez, Mexico (see THE HEMISPHERE).

Died. Katharine Brush, 49, glamorous bestselling novelist (*Young Man of Manhattan*, *Red-Headed Woman*) of the post-World War I speakeasy era; after an operation; in Manhattan. A Boston movie critic at 17, she was twice married, twice divorced. In the early '30s she moved into a flossy, Joseph Urban-designed Manhattan duplex apartment and settled down at a 15-ft. semicircular desk. But the Depression had left its mark on facile Writer Brush. She began to analyze her own brittle-youth-of-the-'20s stories, and her once glib pen slowed down and stalled. "When you start saying 'Why?' she explained, "it throws you."

Died. Adolf Busch, 60, German-born violinist, founder (in 1919) of the Busch String Quartet and (in 1935) of the Busch Chamber Music Players; of a heart attack; in Guilford, Vt.

Died. Colonel James L. Walsh, 66, U.S. Army (ret.), president (since 1947) of the American Ordnance Association and a leading figure in industrial mobilization during World War II; in Washington, D.C.

Died. William E. Scripps, 70, publisher (since 1929) of the Detroit News (founded by his father, James E. Scripps, a half-brother of Newspaper Titan E. W. Scripps), and founder (in 1920) of the world's first commercial radio station, De-

troit's WWJ—first to broadcast U.S. election returns, one of the first with symphony concerts; play-by-play accounts of ball games; of a heart ailment; at Lake Orion, Mich.

Died. Tom C. Gooch, 72, publisher (since 1941) of the Dallas *Times Herald* and chairman of the board of Dallas' radio station KRDL and KRDL-TV; after long illness; in Dallas.

Died. Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber, 83, Archbishop of Munich and Freising and Germany's leading Roman Catholic prelate, who vigorously defended his church against the encroachments of both Nazism and Communism; in Munich (see RELIGION).

Died. Emma Eames, 86, last of the great divas* of the "golden age of opera"; in Manhattan. Famed for the technical excellence of her voice and her "Botticellian" beauty, Soprano Eames sang in French, German and Italian opera at the Metropolitan from 1891 to 1909 with such glamorous colleagues as Caruso, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink and Melba.

Died. Rabbi Henry Cohen, 89, for 64 years spiritual leader of Galveston's Temple B'nai Israel, whom Woodrow Wilson called "the First Citizen of Texas"; in Houston. British-born Henry Cohen came to Galveston in 1888, soon became famous for scurrying through the streets and stopping to jot down on his long, white cuff ("my notebook") the names of those he must help, regardless of creed ("There is no such thing as Methodist mumps, Baptist domestic troubles, Presbyterian poverty or Catholic broken legs"). His interest in parole work was sparked by Author O. Henry, a onetime convict, and he became a leader in Texas prison reform. With a shotgun over his shoulder and a bottle of whiskey in his pocket, he led Galveston citizens in keeping order after the 1900 hurricane. Said a longtime friend and Texas judge: "If ever saber rattling passes from the earth, it will be because of the Henry Cohens."

* Next to last: eightyish Olive Fremstad, who died last year in Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Here's air conditioning **YOU** can afford —from **PHILCO** the leader!



Most spectacular
value ever offered

\$229⁹⁵*

COMPLETE air conditioning—lowest price, finest performance in Philco's 15 years of leadership!

Cools... wrings out oppressive humidity... filters dust, pollen, smoke and soot... circulates cool, clean air. Relief from heat, humidity and street noises in your home, your office—at a price *you* can afford!



**Designed especially for
bedrooms and small offices**

Philco down-flow circulator fills your room with conditioned air from the floor up—cools the sleeping zone of working zone first. Famous Philco sealed-power system—quietest ever built.

• Philco model 33HL—value-leader of the entire industry! Philco Room Conditioners come in 5 sizes—1/3 to 2 h.p.—all with 5 year warranties. See them at your dealer's today!

REVOLUTIONARY NEW "CONSTANT COMFORT" PRINCIPLE —ANOTHER PHILCO FIRST

Air conditioning's biggest sensation! Now Philco brings you completely automatic models that continue to dehumidify even when cooling action has been reduced. You enjoy the *right* degree of coolness *all* the time... *constant comfort* always!



**REMOVES UP TO 6.4 PINTS
OF HUMIDITY!**

So effective is Philco's dehumidifying system that larger models "wring out" over 6 pints of water from your room each hour!

**Zone 1 price*



Philco model 76HL

PHILCO

World's Largest Selling Room Air Conditioners

WHERE FIRES **START...**

FLAMMABLE LIQUIDS. Fires due to careless use of flammable liquids continue year after year to take their toll of lives and valuable property. Such fires start suddenly, get under way fast during those all-important minutes before manual control can be brought to bear. Therein lies their great danger.



WHERE FIRES **STOP!**

GRINNELL SPRINKLERS. Many such fires can be prevented, but not all. As long as there is human carelessness your best protection lies in *automatic* control of fire with Grinnell Sprinkler Systems. Grinnell Sprinklers check fire at its source, wherever and whenever it may strike, with automatic certainty. For over 70 years fires starting in buildings protected by Grinnell Sprinklers have been extinguished before doing material damage.

Grinnell Sprinklers are your assurance of positive, *automatic fire protection.*



GRINNELL

FIRE PROTECTION SYSTEMS

MANUFACTURING • ENGINEERING • INSTALLATION • SINCE 1870

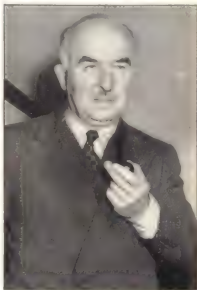
Grinnell Company, Inc., Providence, R. I., Branch Offices in principal cities



RADIO & TV

Commercial of the Week

A spot announcement, broadcast over Manhattan's longhair station WQXR: "This is a wonderful country. In the good old U.S.A., we have the great privilege of having our own ideas. For example: one day a charming American lady came to Lincoln Warehouse Corp. . . . She rented a vault for the storage of her furniture. She wanted the walls and ceiling of the vault painted exactly the same as her apartment so that her furniture would have the same setting as in her own home. She got what she wanted. Whatever your ideas may be, you know your furniture is safe with Lincoln . . ."



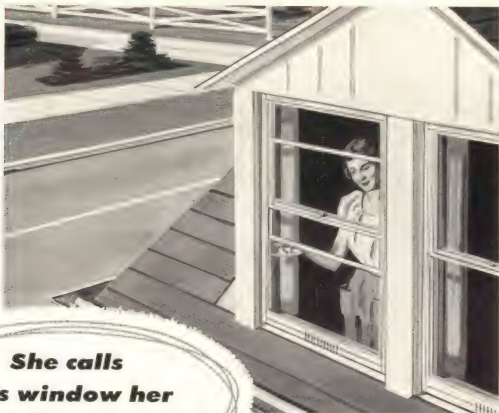
Associated Press
CRITIC BAXTER

What's wrong with American girls?

Plugs for BBC

For 30 years the British Broadcasting Corp. has led a prim, completely non-commercial existence. Last week BBC learned that, for the first time, it might have a brazen, home-grown commercial rival. The scandalous revelation was made in the House of Commons, where the Tory majority submitted a white paper that will 1) let BBC continue its simon-pure monopoly on radio, but 2) let some commercial TV stations be built by private enterprise to compete with BBC's four-station TV network.

Tory Benches. The Tory raid was led by Home Secretary Sir David Maxwell Fyfe. To the charge that sponsored TV would eventually reduce British programs to the low level of those in the U.S., Fyfe replied, patriotically: "I am not impressed by analogies from the United States. We have our typical British way of resolving problems of taste . . . We are a much more mature and sophisticated people." Labor's Herbert Morrison interrupted



**She calls
this window her
workless wonder**

**It's an Eagle-Picher
Triple-Slide Combination Storm Window**

Almost any storm window will make your home more comfortable—help you reduce your fuel bills. Some of them, like Eagle-Picher Triple-Slide Combination Storm Windows and Screens, have real beauty and are surprisingly easy to change from season to season. But only Eagle-Picher Triple-Slides have the plus value of stainless steel tracks—an exclusive feature that means easy operating windows that are practically fool-proof. Aluminum moving on aluminum tends to bind—aluminum moving on stainless steel slides easily, smoothly and quickly. It's a workless wonder!

Glass and screen panels glide into position at the flick of the wrist (for a day or for the season) from inside the house. They're self-storing—easily removable for washing.

Unique comfort accompanies exclusive ease, all year 'round... because Eagle-Picher Triple-Slide Combination Windows have special insulating and weather-sealing properties. Properties that make for easier living (and lower fuel bills) in winter's cold and summer's heat.

It's features like this that have helped build Eagle-Picher's reputation for making the finest products of their kind in America.



EAGLE-PICHER

A GOOD NAME ON ANY PRODUCT

Eagle-Picher, leaders in the mining, smelting and refining of lead and zinc, also produce these outstanding products for home and industry: • Aluminum storm windows and screens • Paints, enamels and varnishes • Lead pigments and oxides • Zinc oxides • Lead pipe, solders and other metallic products • Mineral wool home and industrial insulations • Diatomaceous earth products.

Since 1843 • The Eagle-Picher Company • General offices: Cincinnati (1), Ohio

"My father told me...
...and I'm telling you
there's no substitute for
NOILLY PRAT"

(FRENCH DRY VERMOUTH)



Since the first dry Martini was mixed

Noilly Prat Vermouth has been
the standard... no other dry vermouth
has ever matched its subtle bouquet
and delicate flavor. The extra
cost of using the best is trifling.

Made in France since 1813

Sole U.S. Representatives — MONSIEUR E. SHAW CO., INC. New York, N. Y.

to taunt: "That sounds like anti-Americanism." With feigned astonishment, Fyfe replied: "I am very surprised that the right honorable gentleman should take me to task for paying a compliment to our fellow citizens."

The heaviest fire against the government's plan came, surprisingly, from its own benches. Canadian-born Conservative Beverly Baxter, who is also theater critic for the London *Evening Standard*, revealed that he was "fortunate" enough to visit the U.S. every winter, and he warned that horrific tales about American TV are not exaggerated: "To sit over there through a three- or four-hour sponsored program is to come under a terrorization of mass suggestion of advertising. I mean this seriously. The American girl, for example, is supposed to be the finest of her kind in the world. She is supposed to be the quintessence of feminine charm. What do advertisers say about her on the radio, on television? I shall put it as gently as I can. She suffers from dandruff, from body odor, from halitosis. I could go on..."

Christmas Hymn. The white paper reminded Baxter of a rather old story—an offer once made by Beecham's liver pills to provide a church with hymn books in return for a bit of concealed advertising. One Christmas, said Baxter, the congregation found itself singing:

*Hark, the herald angels sing,
Beecham's pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for man, and one for child.*

Nevertheless, because he would rather have "sponsored programs than a Socialist government," Baxter and other Tories voted reluctantly with their party, in favor of the white paper. They consoled themselves with the reflection that TV licenses will not be issued to private enterprises until the long-term defense program is well over the hump. For the next five years at least, Britain's "mature and sophisticated" public seems safe from the blandishments of commercial plugs.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, June 20. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Best Plays (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *Angel Street*, with Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn.

Screen Guild Theater (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). *Family Honeymoon*, with Barbara Stanwyck, Jeff Chandler.

Inner Sanctum (Sun. 9:30 p.m., CBS). Boris Karloff in *Birdsong for a Murderer*.

TELEVISION

Curtain Call (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). A new drama series produced by Worthington Miner. *The Promise*, with Robert Preston, Carol Bruce.

Bob Hope Marathon (Sat. 11 a.m., NBC). Hollywood stars perform for the benefit of the U.S. Olympic Team.

Lux Video Theater (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Chester Morris in *Wicome Home*, Lefty.

We
favor
the

**ONE PARTY
SYSTEM!**



And that one party is
YOU! The Hotel
New Yorker's
reputation was built
on personalized
service and it is still the reason
why so many of our guests
return again and again. You are a
name—not a number—when you
are with us. Any wonder this is
not only New York's largest—
but most popular—hotel?

HOTEL New Yorker

New York
Frank L. Andrews, President
Gene Vott, General Manager



**NEW, IMPROVED
WEEDONE®**

THE WEED KILLING MIRACLE

Spray weeds away, instead of digging and pulling. New, Improved Weedone, in the big red can, contains the super-powered butoxy ethanol ester of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. Weedone kills dandelions, plantains, wild blackberry, wild raspberry, honeysuckle, poison ivy, poison oak and over 100 other weeds and woody plants. Does not kill wanted grasses. No vapor damage to nearby flowers, vegetables, shrubs. Get Weedone and be sure of results.

8-oz. can \$1 • 1-qt. can \$2.75 • 1-gal. can \$6.95

Plastic applicator fits any screw-top gallon jug

At your garden-supply store, or write

AMERICAN CHEMICAL PAINT CO., Ambler, Pa.

Rx

TIME's weekly coverage
of the developments and
discoveries in the world of
MEDICINE keeps you
intelligently informed on this
important part
of the news picture.

TIME, JUNE 23, 1952

From "How"... to *Know-How!*



It all began when
the Seneca Indians
skimmed oil from
streams and pools back in

1627—the earliest recorded use of petroleum
in America. The Indians valued it only as a
remedy for aches and sprains.

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TIME, JUNE 23, 1952

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Pia's Answer

In a Los Angeles courtroom last week, Cinemactress Ingrid Bergman's lawyers were fighting for the court's permission to let her daughter Pia, 13, visit her in Italy. Pia herself was finally asked how she felt about it. A well-poised child with a hint of the freshly scrubbed beauty that made her mother's face world famous, Pia had graduated from junior high school only the day before. Her testimony, coming after a spate of harsh charges made by her father, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, against Ingrid's present husband, Italian Movie Director Roberto Rossellini, was candid enough to set her elders straight. Judge Mildred Lillie and Ingrid's suave lawyer, Gregson Bautzer, asked the questions.

Q. Do you understand what this case is about? What your mother is seeking . . . ?

A. Yes. She wants me to come to Italy and I don't want to go.

Q. Don't you love your mother, Pia?

A. I don't love my mother. I like her. I don't want to go to Italy to be with her. I love my father.

Q. Have you ever written your mother telling her that you love her?

A. I always sign my letters: "Love, Pia."

Q. Does that express the way you feel about her?

A. No. That is just the wording of the letter.

Q. Do you feel that your mother doesn't care about you now?

A. Well, I don't think she cares about me too much . . . She didn't seem very interested about me when she left. It was only after she left and got married and had children that she suddenly decided that she wanted me.

Bautzer's next question was about the time in 1949 when Rossellini was a guest in the Lindstroms' Los Angeles home.

Q. Did you have any conversations with Mr. Rossellini at that time?

A. Well, he lived in our house, so I guess I talked to him, but I don't remember anything we talked about.

Q. Did you find him to be a considerate, gentlemanly man?

A. I don't remember. I didn't find him anything.

Q. What sort of discussions have you had with your father about Mr. Rossellini?

A. . . . We discussed that he used to stand in front of the fireplace and tell how religious he was, and he used to— he borrowed all my father's money and bought presents for me with my father's money.

Pia indicated that her mother had been a bit weary of the Hollywood scene for some time before leaving for Italy.

Q. How do you know [your mother] was tired [of home life]?

A. Because she got tired of staying home.

Q. You mean bored?

A. Yes. When she couldn't find any-



PIA LINDSTROM
Love is just a word.

thing else to do she would swim and take sun baths. When she got tired of sun baths and swimming she went to New York.

Meanwhile, in Rome, Ingrid Bergman awaited the birth of twins while her husband waited to hear whether he would be granted a U.S. entrance visa to permit him a chance to answer, at first hand, Lindstrom's "calumnies." To a reporter, actress Bergman complained: "I cannot understand why my former husband and myself cannot deal with problems involving [Pia] as grownups."

The New Pictures

Actors and Sin (Sid Kuller; United Artists) is a two-part picture of mixed merits from one-man Moviemaker Ben Hecht, who produced, directed and wrote the screenplay. Hecht's eight-year-old daughter Jenny makes her screen debut in a leading role.

The first episode, *Actor's Blood*, is a rather anemic whodunit about the murder



INGRID BERGMAN
Sun baths were boring.



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of an unpleasant stage actress (Marsha Hunt) whose ham-actor father (Edward G. Robinson) stages a dinner party to which he invites all the suspects. Except for the solution, there are few surprises in this piece of old-fashioned mummy.

With the next episode, called *A Woman of Sin*, Hecht moves more successfully from the area of theatrical cloak & dagger to cinematic tongue in cheek. *A Woman of Sin* is the title of a trashy novel which



JENNY HECHT
 Father provided a smooth debut.

is turned into an Academy Award-contending movie without the studio's discovering until too late that the author of this "great story of animal love" is a precocious, pikyish nine-year-old girl. As the beribboned, towheaded authoress, Jenny Hecht takes smoothly to her father's direction. Also participating in this fancifully frothy lampoon of Hollywood: Alan Reed as a porcine movie mogul, Eddie Albert as a double-talking agent, and Tracey Roberts as his sexy secretary.

Young Man with Ideas (M-G-M) would seem to be a misnomer for Actor Glenn Ford in this harebrained little comedy. Ford plays a Milquetoastish Montana lawyer who migrates to Los Angeles with his wife (Ruth Roman) and three children. There he finds himself preparing for the California bar examination with blonde Fellow Student Nina Foch, who has a habit of boning up on criminal law while attired in off-the-shoulder lounging pajamas. There is also Denise Darcel, an amorous French nightclub singer who wears low-cut dresses and is under the impression that Ford is a talent scout.

To complicate matters further, Ford and his family have moved into a bungalow



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that was once a bookie joint. The lawyer winds up in a nightclub brawl with mobsters, but does such a masterful job of defending himself in court that he wins an acquittal. He also passes the bar examination and wins a 34th partnership in a Los Angeles law firm. Ruth Roman sums it all up when she says at one point: "We never should have left Montana."

California Conquest (Columbia). Between 1825 and 1847, Mexico-ruled California was torn by internal strife, and Russia, France, England and the U.S. were trying to take over the territory. Dramatizing this little-known phase of history, *California Conquest* adds a dash of Technicolor and several dashes of dramatic license to the facts. Cornel Wilde is a romantic Spanish don who is in favor of U.S. annexation. To prevent the Russians from worming their way into the orange groves, he and tomboyish Teresa Wright work their way into the bandit forces of toothy, grinning Alfonso Bedoya, who is in the pay of Czarist agents.

What results is a sort of *opéra bouffe* war between brigands and rancheros, replete with swordplay, gunplay, stagecoach chases and hand-to-hand encounters in wine cellars. At one juncture in the fighting, one bandit remarks: "I don't know how long we can keep this up—we're running out of powder." Fortunately, the picture runs out of plot soon afterwards, because Wilde has eliminated most of the Russian forces, thereby paving the way for U.S. annexation of California—and for his own annexation of Teresa Wright.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Pat and Mike. A sprightly comedy in which Katharine Hepburn is a lady athlete and Spencer Tracy a sports promoter (TIME, June 16).

High Treason. Spies v. Scotland Yard in a bang-up British melodrama (TIME, May 19).

The Atomic City. Neat little B-budget thriller about G-men hunting down H-bomb spies (TIME, May 12).

The Narrow Margin. Cops & robbers on a train that rattles along at an exciting express clip (TIME, May 5).

Outcast of the Islands. Joseph Conrad's hothouse drama of a white man's disintegration in the tropics, strikingly directed by Carol (*The Third Man*) Reed; with Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley (TIME, April 28).

The Man in the White Suit. Top-grade British comedy, with Alec Guinness (TIME, April 14).

Anything Can Happen. Folksy film version of George and Helen Papashvilly's 1944 bestseller about an immigrant from Russian Georgia (José Ferrer) who discovers America (TIME, April 14).

The African Queen. A prissy spinster (Katharine Hepburn) and a gin-swilling skipper (Humphrey Bogart) triumph over jungle heat, hardship and the bangman's noose in John Huston's Technicolor version of C. S. Forester's adventure yarn (TIME, Feb. 25).

FAMOUS AMERICAN HOMES



The Octagon

*The Haunted
White House of 1874*

Colonel John Tayloe



At the urging of his friend George Washington, the wealthy Virginian Colonel John Tayloe decided to build in the new city on the Potomac. As architect he chose Dr. William Thornton, designer of the Capitol. Completed in 1800 shortly before the White House, his home, one of Washington's finest, was long a center of social life.

When the British burned the White House in 1814, Colonel Tayloe offered President Madison the use of his home and accordingly for more than a year the President made The Octagon his official residence. Here he ratified the Treaty of Ghent which formally ended the War of 1812 and here his charming

wife Dolly further enhanced the mansion's reputation for hospitality.

Why the house was called The Octagon is an unanswered question. It is not octagonal and obviously was never intended to be. Consisting of two rectangular wings connected by a circular tower, its unique shape is due to its location at the angle formed by two intersecting streets. Opening off the rear is a tunnel, the purpose of which is also an enigma, although according to a discredited legend it once led to the White House.

For years The Octagon has had the reputation of being haunted. Most romantic of its spectral visitors is Colonel Tayloe's daughter. Overcome by grief over a thwarted love affair, candle in hand, she threw herself down the staircase, and, some say, in flickering candlelight she still appears.

After the Tayloes' ownership ended, The Octagon entered a period of steady decline until purchased and rehabilitated by the American Institute of Architects. It has continued under this organization's supervision since 1900. Like the White House, The Octagon has recently been renovated and now appears in all its original elegance.



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BOOKS

"You Too Can Write"

As countless aspiring authors have learned, writing a book is seldom half the battle. The real trick is to get it published. Of the thousands of unsolicited manuscripts mailed to U.S. publishing houses each year, only a tiny percentage ever get into type. One house recently looked back over its records, found that in eight years it had received 16,000 such manuscripts, published just three.

What does the rejected author do when his manuscript thuds back to him? He still has two classic choices: 1) writing it over again, and better; 2) locking the whole thing away in his attic trunk. Nowadays a lot of would-be authors are making a third choice: they sign a contract with a publisher who specializes in would-

be authors. For a few hundred dollars (and up), anybody, if he shops far enough, can have the thrill of seeing his stuff in print. He may not get much for his money—often not more than a stack of cheaply printed, poorly bound books dumped on his doorstep. His disappointment may be keen if the come-on has convinced him that his book is going to sell. But at least he is in print.

2,000 for \$2,000. The you-pay-and-we-publish companies speak of their work as "cooperative" or "subsidy" publishing; the rest of the book trade bluntly calls it the "vanity" business. Today there are at least 25 such outfits in the U.S., and business is brisk. In 1946 the leading 20 published less than 200 titles; last year they brought out 500.

The most active of all is Exposition

Press, a Manhattan publishing house which issued 203 books last year, ranked sixth among U.S. publishers in number of new titles. None of its books sold widely, but Exposition's authors got a better shake than the history of vanity publishing gave them a right to expect.

President and sparkplug of Exposition is Edward Uhlan, a 39-year-old immigrant's son who graduated from Manhattan's tough Hell's Kitchen, but not from high school. His 16 years in vanity publishing have taught him that the business can be both legitimate and profitable. Exposition gives its writers a contract whose terms are frank and clear, sends out review copies and news releases, tries, like all publishers, to build publicity and promotional hocus-pocus (autographing parties, press interviews, radio appearances, etc.). For about \$2,000, Exposition will give an author some 2,000 copies of a fairly well printed book, try to sell it to bookstores and to lists of friends and prospects supplied by the author.

In *Hardy's Steps*, Exposition rejects more books than it prints, especially such the work of bigots and cranks, and avoids promising too much. But its advertising is nonetheless plainly designed to arouse ambition in amateurish writing breasts.

A reply to an Exposition ad brings a circular that reminds the writer: "Until you are a published author, you will never be regarded as an author." It points out, quite rightly, that ordinary publishers are looking only for sure things, that an unknown beginner has a slim chance. Besides, the vanity author joins the select list of great writers "who had enough faith in their own work to subsidize its publication," e.g., Thomas Hardy, A. E. Housman, John Masefield, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edgar Rice Burroughs. (The predominance of poets in the list of examples is no accident: 35% of Exposition's output last year was poetry.) Happy customers and favorable reviews are quoted, successful promotions of the firm's books are played up. By pamphlet's end, a writer hungry for the heady sight of print is very apt to start wondering where he can borrow the cash to pay for the first installment.

A lot of them do borrow it. They offer to mortgage their houses and sell their cars. One earnest hopeful offered a 150-acre New Mexico ranch in trade. Another awaits a pending alimony settlement to finance her literary fling. But wherever the money comes from, it is a rare writer whose book sells well enough to make it back.

A second edition (which Exposition publishes at its own risk) is rarer still. Says Publisher Uhlan: "Our authors must be prepared psychologically and financially to lose money. Other houses may promise riches. We never promise riches. We just offer immortality!" Immortality is the one thing that no book thus far published by Exposition is apt to achieve. Though house editors and freelance polishers work over the sometimes "shapeless" manuscripts that come in, many of them still emerge as embarrassingly bad

AN Æ SAMPLER

When Poet George William Russell was a young man in Victorian Dublin, he wrote a philosophic article under the pseudonym "Æon." The printer mangled it, and Æon came out Æ. For the rest of his life, Russell wrote under that diphthong. Outdistanced as a poet by such contemporaries as Thomas Hardy and William Butler Yeats, Æ culled through his verses not long before his death (in 1935) and selected 124 that he hoped he might be remembered for. Last week his *Selected Poems* achieved the semiclassic permanence of republication in the Golden Treasury Series (Macmillan; \$1.25), along with Hardy, Yeats and William Wordsworth. Samples:



Illustration by G. W. Russell

THE LONELY

Lone and forgotten
Through a long sleeping,
In the heart of age
A child woke weeping.

No invisible mother
Was nigh him there,
Laughing and nodding
From earth and air.

No elfin comrades
Came at his call
And the earth and the air
Were blank as a wall.

The darkness thickened
Upon him creeping,
In the heart of age
A child lay weeping.

FROLIC

The children were shouting together
And racing along the sands,
A glimmer of dancing shadows,
A dovelike flutter of hands.

The stars were shouting in heaven,
The sun was chasing the moon;
The game was the same as the children's,
They danced to the self-same tune.

The whole of the world was merry,
One joy from the vale to the height,
Where the blue woods of twilight encircled
The lovely lawns of the light.

THE CITIES

They shall sink under water,
They shall rise up again:
They shall be peopled
By millions of men.

Cleansed of their scarlet,
Absolved of their sin,
They shall be like crystal
All stainless within.

Paris and Habel,
London and Tyre,
Reborn from the darkness,
Shall sparkle like fire.

From the folk who throng in
Their gardens and towers
Shall be blown fragrance
Sweeter than flowers.

Faery shall dance in
The streets of the town,
And from sky headlands
The gods looking down.



\$50,000 a day- for waiting!

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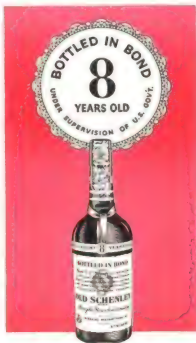
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**OLD
SCHENLEY**

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books and most of them might better have been carried to the attic.

If the Price Is Right. Regular publishers say privately that what is least admirable about their vanity cousins is the false encouragement and heady praise some of them hand out to inept writers. They are probably right, but it is also true that most of the well established publishers do a bit of vanity publishing themselves—if the book is not too embarrassingly bad, and if the price is right.

Once in a rare while a vanity writer does hit a small piece of jackpot. Vantage, another Manhattan outfit, sees great possibilities in McDill McCown Gassman's *Daddy Was an Undertaker*, which is to be published next week. So far, reports Vantage, it has advance orders for 5,000 copies. Vantage has ordered a first printing of 10,000, talks happily of a potential market for Mrs. Gassman's memoirs of maybe 25,000. Among Vantage's promotional plans for the book is an autographing party for Author Gassman in the Jennings Funeral Home, in Rome, Ga., Author Gassman's home town.

1970?

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE (375 pp.)—Taylor Caldwell—Crown (\$3.50).

"In 1932," says the hero of *Devil's Advocate*, looking back almost 40 years, the U.S. elected to the Presidency a man "whose twisted mind stands out against the black background of history like a conflagration." By his "Machiavellian villainy," the workers were induced to sell their birthright of freedom for a mess of security, the farmers were bribed with subsidies into fattened acquiescence, the middle class was almost obliterated.

Wars were plotted, says the hero, in order to keep the President and his party in power. After Germany's defeat, Russia was built up until she was strong enough to be a respectable antagonist. During World War III (in which Russia was destroyed) the Republican Party was liquidated and the U.S. Dictatorship formally established.

By the time of World War IV (with Britain's Dictatorship had abolished the 48 states and organized the country into military sections. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, "those greedy and avaricious rascals," became the U.S. Politburo. Thus, the military ruled the new "Democracy," assisted by an executive echelon of bureaucrats and supported by the petted farmers.

The urban "masses" lived on greyly in the crumbling cities, without even cigarettes to solace their degradation. Curiously, a leading symptom of their despair was a marked rise in female homosexuality. Legions of psychiatrists, "the new vampires," policed the souls of citizens.

For this desperate situation the leaders of the U.S. Underground of 1970—the secret society of "Minute Men"—employed a desperate and ingenious remedy. They infiltrated the government, worked themselves into the highest positions, and there began to play devil's advocate with

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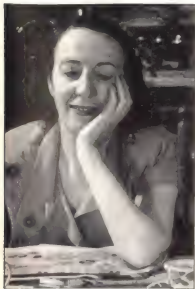


*Sir John
Schenley*

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a vengeance. That is, they intensified the tyranny to such an intolerable degree that the people at last revolted. Ironically, it was of course upon their saviors that the chief fury of the people fell, and many a Minute Man perished in the freedom he had provoked.

In *The Devil's Advocate*, bestselling Novelist Caldwell (*This Side of Innocence*, *Dynasty of Death*) has laid aside her wand of romance and taken up the cudgel of politics from what can only be described as a new position, the Neanderthal Right. The only other remarkable thing about *Devil's Advocate* is that, in its first five weeks, it sold nearly 35,000 copies and, according to *Retail Bookseller*, was the bestselling novel in the U.S. for a week or two.



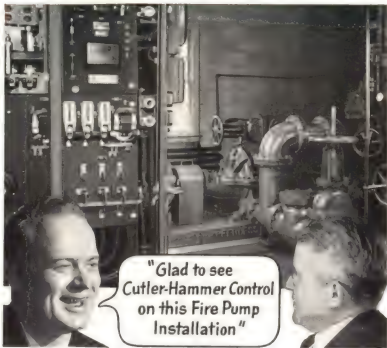
NOVELIST CALDWELL
Gauging Korger—Pic
Mosses without cigarettes.

All This & Popcorn Too

THE BEACH HOUSE (366 pp.)—Stephen Longstreet—Holt \$3.50.

Mike Zelsmith, film producer, is on the skids. It is years since he won his last Academy Award. His marriage is heading for the breakers while he guzzles Scotch on the rocks. Fed up with Mike's arty epics and domestic antics, his movie magnate father-in-law cuts off his bank credit. The Hollywood gripevine says that Mike Zelsmith, whom "even intellectuals respect," is about to make his first "quickie," a \$100,000 thriller.

But Mike, who collects Goya etchings and reads Bernard Shaw, has "an ego as big as a horse . . . the loud ego of genius, real genius." Raking together the cash and crew to shoot the picture, he explains to his scriptwriter how he intends "to sneak in the truth" and make it the kind of Zelsmith Production people respect. "I give them the sex and the brawl, but also a little of the ache and the agony of life. The lousy beauty of it, the crummy



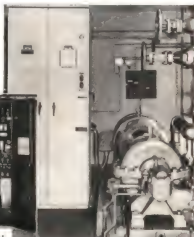
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pleasures of kids and family life, and art shots and a pain in the heart."

Booze & Benzadrine. Mike's own pain in the heart is Mollie, a trig little blonde with "small and perfect . . . breasts . . . out of a sweet period of Greek art." She lives among the "beach bums," the has-beens and would-be's of Hollywood. Mollie becomes Mike's "protege" in a sun-decked beach house on Cortez Beach ("better than Malibu"). Mike figures he can mold Mollie into another Garbo. Between picture takes, they swap dialogue. She: "That moon looks low enough to bite." He: "I have got a terrible yen for you. It's like a stomach full of broken glass." When words fail him, Mike swabs beach-tar stains off Mollie's feet and kisses her "long thin toes."

But Mollie's nerves are taut as piano strings. She throws hysterical fits, fluffs her lines on the set. Running off the unpromising dailies (rushes), Mike buries



NOVELIST LONGSTREET
The lousy beauty of life.

himself in booze and Benzadrine. The movie and the illicit love affair have a sudden downbeat ending. A sculptor lures Mollie off to Mexico and death by pneumonia. Even with this morbid added feature, the sneak preview of Mike's film draws laughs in the wrong places and he knows he has produced a flop, and probably his last picture. "It's a dying town . . . the last days of Pompeii . . . The Cadillac are already beginning to flee the doomed city, carrying the family silver and Picassos."

Thalberg Syndrome. Novelist Stephen Longstreet scratches the surface of Hollywood by merely scratching its back. Infected with a bad case of producer worship, or Thalberg Syndrome, *The Beach House* implies that its hero is a mute, inglorious Milton gagged by a lack of cash and artistic credit. But as Novelist Longstreet portrays him, he seems more like a shark whose teeth have gone bad.

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TIME, JUNE 23, 1952

the usual "how-to" services, to position selling as an economic force... to investigate the mysteries of "saleability" from design to final transaction... to help you and your firm lay strategy to face today's tighter markets, heavier inventories and more cautious buyers.

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And in later articles you'll read reports in-depth on selling to manufacturers, merchandising, advertising and market research—reading that will bring you insight and a wealth of inspiration for your own career—reading you'll do for pleasure as well as for profit.

The people who read FORTUNE like to read. It's a FORTUNE tradition to supply reading that's as lively and interesting as it is important to a thinking man of management. Every month, FORTUNE reports the epic, fast-changing story of our industrial civilization—logically organized, beautifully presented, filled with new ideas that go well with good minds.

The monthly *Business Roundup* is the best-based short- and long-range look ahead in type today. Labor brings you the best labor reporting available anywhere—and other departments keep you up to date on essential, provocative news about *New Products and Processes, People and Technology*. These features add continuity to the definitive articles of venture and adventure, in-and-about Business, which are the long-famous foundation of FORTUNE's continuing story.

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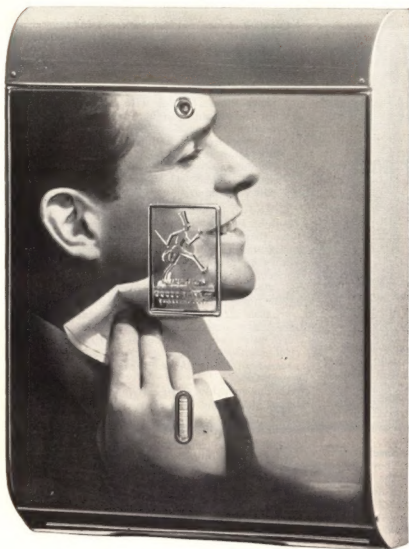
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Reflecting employee appreciation

Survey of workers shows washrooms are one of the first four essentials in good working conditions

WASHROOMS rank as one of the four most important factors in good working conditions—according to a survey of workers from 400 plants. Have you checked on your employees' washrooms lately?

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SCOTTISSUE TOWELS
Symbol of the right kind of washroom

MISCELLANY

Lion's Mouth. In Glasgow, Pickpocket Francis Ryan got a 60-day sentence after he unwittingly plied his trade on an excursion steamer carrying 20 Glasgow policemen and their wives.

Wrong Answer. In Great Falls, Mont., Earl Phipps, 58, panhandled money by showing prospects a sign reading: "I am deaf and dumb," landed in jail after a policeman asked him where the sign was, and he replied: "Right here in my pocket."

Occupied Zone. In Sydney, Australia, William C. R. Turner was granted a divorce after he charged that his wife's lover 1) lived at the Turner home for 18 months, entering and leaving by Mrs. Turner's bedroom window, 2) beat him up, and 3) regularly chased him into the street.

Rising Temperature. In Guymon, Okla., the Rev. James C. Hester, pastor of the Church of the Nazarene, chose as the topic of his Sunday sermon: "Will Hell Be as Hot as the Republican National Convention?"

Over 21. In Lichfield, England, during his trial for being AWOL, Private Cornelius C. Knight, 28, told the court-martial he had married a woman who told him she was 32 when she was really 51 and "I just went all to pieces."

Signed & Sealed. In Lisbon, Policeman Rogerio Gracinha arrested himself for gambling away money entrusted to his care, methodically drew up a full confession, then locked himself in jail.

The Bite. In Hof, Germany, Brewery Worker Karl Wunderlich, 24, was convicted of breaking into a delicatessen after police fitted his teeth to marks left in the end of a 2-lb. salami.

Reveille. In Joliet, Ill., William A. Hall, 22, dozed while his car swerved into a power pole and plunged 100 ft. to the bottom of a quarry, where he stepped out unhurt but wide awake.

Day of Reckoning. In New Haven, Conn., after Federal Rent Control Director Clarence C. Westberg had issued 9,000 eviction certificates, he got notice of his own eviction from the city-owned Hall of Records.

Helping Hand. In Sacramento, Hubert Earl Buntain, 65, questioned by authorities about at least eight marriages, explained: "It is in my system to help others."

All in the Family. In Norfolk, Va., Mary Wilson was set upon by a strange man who cut her left arm, bit the middle finger of her left hand, took a look at her, and said apologetically: "I beg your pardon—I thought you were my wife."

Harpooning a Swordfish

CAN START A DEADLY DUEL

1 "He's all yours!" the fisherman yelled. Out in the bowsprit 'pulpit,' I aimed my harpoon at the broadbill and let fly. Then the fun began," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "When I saw the schooners off Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, I was told swordfishing is serious business. It made exciting sport for me...."



2 "My lofty vigil in the cross-trees made me dizzy, but it paid off—a swordfish! I raced down, grabbed the harpoon and let him have it. The fish, nailed by my lily-iron, lit out for blue water...."

5 "My swordfish was no record-breaker, but it was a lot of fish. Canadian Club's record is matchless—it's the favorite almost everywhere I go." Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon.



3 "It was half an hour before the keg at the end of the harpoon line stopped its crazy gyrations. But when we lowered a dory to boat our catch, we got a surprise. The scrappy broadbill wasn't through yet. A last-stand drive rammed his sword clear through the hull of the dory...."

Yet it has a distinctive flavor all its own. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. There is one and only one Canadian Club, and no other whisky tastes quite like it in all the world.



4 "That nearly lost us the duel, but the schooner saved us and our prize, '500 pounds,' the captain reported later... over a drink of Canadian Club!



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